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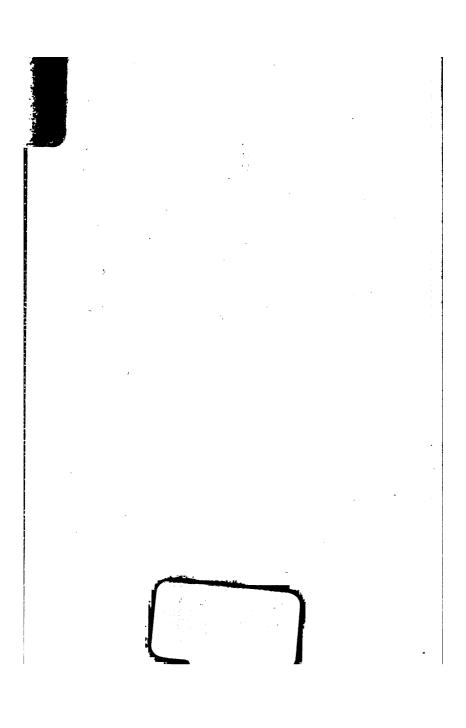
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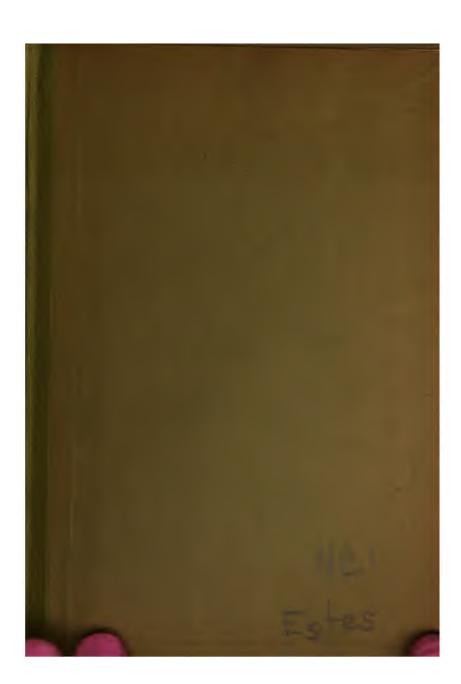
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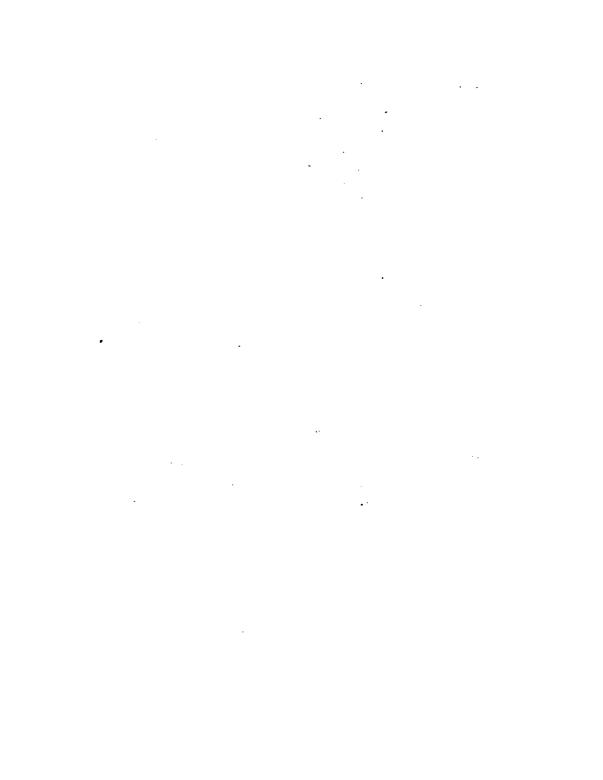




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VOLUMES UNIFORM WITH

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BY THE SAME EDITOR.

CHIMES FOR CHILDHOOD.

A Collection of Songs for Little Folks; with Twenty Illustrations by MILLAIS. BIRKET FOSTER, and others. Tinted paper.

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LIGHT AT EVENTIDE,

OR

POETRY OF COMFORT AND ASPIRATION.

A compilation of choice Religious Hymns and Poems.





A COLLECTION OF SONGS, BALLADS, AND OTHER

HOME POETRY.

BY THE EDITOR OF, "CHIMES FOR CHILDHOOD." Estes, Dana j



BOSTON?

LEE AND SHEPARD.

1870.

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I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME

то

MYWIFE,

WHO IS THE LIGHT AND JOY OF MY EARTHLY HOME,

AND WITH WHOM I HOPE TO SHARE

"THE HEAVENLY HOME."



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PREFACE.

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OVE of Home and Home Pride are generally be-✓ lieved to be among the marked traits of New England character; therefore the editor need offer no apology for this compilation. It was made with the hope that it might be of some use in stimulating and keeping alive the sentiment of attachment to home and its institutions, which some have feared is in danger of dying out among us. In compiling "Chimes for Childhood," the editor came in contact with many choice selections, not accessible to the majority of readers, which he thought appropriate for a collection of this kind, and he trusts that this volume may meet with the same appreciation and favor from the lovers of home, that his former one did from the "little ones at home." It would be impossible, in a volume of anything like the size of this, to present all of the good poetry on the subject of Home, and the editor has often been obliged to leave out excellent and appropriate pieces, and substitute others with less real poetic merit, for the sake of variety; still he believes that there are few, if any, of the selections here offered, deficient in

-majerra-

the elements of true poetry. There are some pieces, especially in the first and third parts, which may be thought hackneyed; but these are so firmly associated in the public mind with the subjects of Love of Country and Home Association, that to make a book of this kind without them, would be like "Hamlet with the Hamlet left out." One of the most noticeable facts with which the editor's search for this class of poetry has acquainted him, is the almost entire dearth of home poetry among the works of the older English poets. Indeed, there seems to be but little of it in the writings of those of the present generation. Their Scotch neighbors seem to have made up for this deficiency, and some of the most tender and pathetic pieces of this kind are from the pens of Scotia's Bards. Having a much larger number of pieces from which to select for the fourth part, the editor has given extra attention to that part, and has admitted into it none but acknowledged gems; and he trusts the volume is not inappropriately closed with that "sweetest and dearest of all religious poems," THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY, which itself closes with the exalting and inspiring JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

The editor tenders his thanks and acknowledgments to the authors and publishers who have allowed him to use copyrighted pieces in this collection.

DANA ESTES.

Dorchester, 1869.



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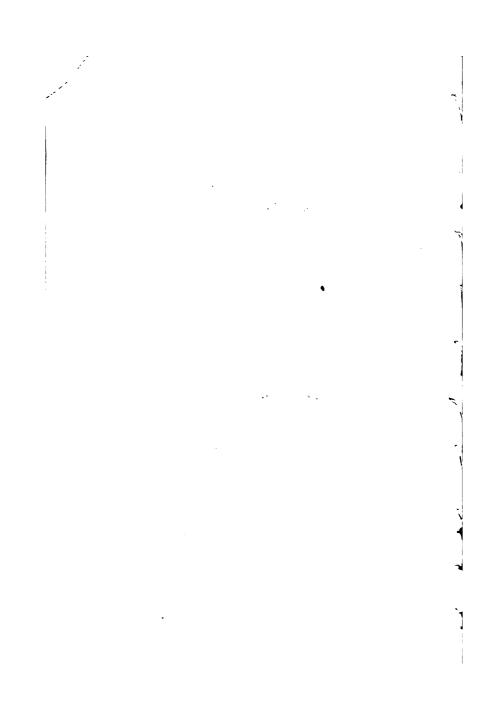
"Our Country Our Home."

"Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,

His first, best country ever is at home."

Goldsmith's "Traveller"

PART I.





AMERICA.

ī

Y country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee —
Land of the noble, free —
Thy name — I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Samuel F. Smith.





THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

cows

E sons of freedom, wake to glory! Hark! hark! what myriads bid you

Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary, Behold their tears and hear their cries. Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding, With hireling hosts, a ruffian band, Affright and desolate the land, While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

> To arms! to arms! ye brave! Th' avenging sword unsheathe: March on! march on! all hearts resolved On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling, Which treacherous kings confederate raise; The dogs of war, let loose, are howling, And lo! our fields and cities blaze;

(17)

And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare
(Their thirst of power and gold unbounded),
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

O Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

Rouget de l'Isle.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

~ COWS

OD save our gracious king!

Long live our noble king!

God save the king!

Send him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us—

God save the king!

O Lord our God, arise!
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On him our hopes we fix —
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice—
God save the king!

Anonymous.



GERMAN NATIONAL SONG.

COUND 2

OD, who gave iron, purposed ne'er
That man should be a slave;
Therefore the sabre, sword, and spear
In his right hand He gave.
Therefore He gave him fiery mood,
Fierce speech, and free-born breath,
That he might fearlessly the feud
Maintain through blood and death.

Then will we what God did say,
With honest truth maintain,
And ne'er a fellow-creature slay
A tyrant's pay to gain!
But he shall perish by stroke of brand
Who fighteth for sin and shame,
And not inherit the fatherland
With men of German name.

O Germany! bright fatherland!
O German love so true!
Thou sacred land—thou beauteous land—We swear to thee anew!
Outlawed, each knave and coward shall
The crow and raven feed;
But we will to the battle all—Revenge shall be our meed.

Flash forth, flash forth, whatever can,
To bright and flaming life!
Now, all ye Germans, man for man,
Forth to the holy strife!
Your hands lift upward to the sky—
Your hearts shall upward soar—
And man for man let each one cry,
Our slavery is o'er!

Let sound, let sound, whatever can,
Trumpet, and fife, and drum:
This day our sabres, man for man,
To stain with blood we come;
With hangman's, and with coward's blood,
O glorious day of ire!
That to all Germans soundeth good!
Day of our great desire!

Let wave, let wave, whatever can—
Standard and banner wave!
Here will we purpose, man for man,
To grace a hero's grave

Advance, ye brave ranks, hardily—Your banners wave on high;
We'll gain us freedom's victory,
Or freedom's death we'll die!

E. M. Arndt.



UNION.

Makes us love our country most;
Makes us feel that we are brothers,
And a heart-united host!
With hosanna, let our banner
From the house-tops be unfurled,
While the nation holds her station
With the mightiest of the world!
Take your harps from silent willows,
Shout the chorus of the free;
"States are all distinct as billows,
Union one—as is the sea!"

From the land of groves that bore us, He's a traitor who would swerve! By the flag now waving o'er us, We the compact will preserve!

Those who gained it and sustained it, Were unto each other true, And the fable well is able To instruct us what to do! Take your harps from silent willows, Shout the chorus of the free; "States are all distinct, as billows, Union one, as is the sea." George P. Morris.



BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

~6000

INE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord: He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the faithful lightning of his terrible swift sword: His Truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:

His Day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:

-maditarea

"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel, Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat:

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;

O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,

While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.



BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

~ cemes

COTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has aften led, Welcome to your gory bed, Or to victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour; See the front o' battle lower; See approach proud Edward's power— Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law Freedom's sword will strongly draw, Freeman stand, or freeman fa'? Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains, By your sons in servile chains, We will drain our dearest veins, But they shall be free!

Burns.



ODE TO THE BRAVE.

~ como

OW sleep the brave, who sink to rest By all their country's wishes blest! When Spring, with dewy fingers cold, Returns to deck their hallowed mould, She there shall dress a sweeter sod Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung; By forms unseen their dirge is sung; There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray, To bless the turf that wraps their clay; And Freedom shall awhile repair, To dwell a weeping hermit there!

William Collins.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

- CLEAN

T midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance
bent,

Should tremble at his power. In dreams through camp and court he bore The trophies of a conqueror;

In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring—
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band—
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke:
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the
Greek!"

He woke — to die midst flame and smoke, And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke, And death-shots falling thick and fast As lightnings from the mountain cloud; And heard, with voice as trumpet loud, Bozzaris cheer his band:

"Strike — till the last armed foe expires; Strike — for your altars and your fires; Strike — for the green graves of your sires;

God — and your native land!"

They fought — like brave men, long and well;

They piled the ground with Moslem slain;

They conquered — but Bozzaris fell, Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw His smile when rung their proud hurrah,

And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death;
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blesséd seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;

With banquet-song, and dance, and wine; And thou art terrible—the tear, The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier; And all we know, or dream, or fear Of agony, are thine.

Come when the heart beats high and

warm

But to the Hero, when his sword

Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard

The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with her laurel leaf, blood-bought—
Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eyes' unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;

Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian Isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land winds, from the woods of
palm,

And orange groves, and fields of balm, Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb

The heartless luxury of the tomb. But she remembers thee as one Long loved, and for a season gone. For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed, Her marble wrought, her music breathed; For thee she rings the birth-day bells; Of thee her babes' first lisping tells; For thine her evening prayer is said At palace couch, and cottage bed; Her soldier, closing with the foe, Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow; His plighted maiden, when she fears For him, the joy of her young years, Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.

-moderne

And she, the mother of thy boys, Though in her eye and faded cheek Is read the grief she will not speak,

The memory of her buried joys— And even she who gave thee birth, Will, by the pilgrim-circled hearth,

Talk of thy doom without a sigh; For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's— · One of the few, immortal names,

That were not born to die.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.



YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

NEW-

CE Mariners of England! That guard our native seas, Whose flag has braved a thousand years: The battle and the breeze! Your glorious standard launch again, To match another foe!

And sweep through the deep While the stormy winds do blow.

The spirit of your fathers Shall start from every wave! For the deck it was their field of fame, And the ocean was their grave.

Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name
When the storm has ceased to blow—
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Thomas Campbell.



THE FLAG.

whose folds are more dear to me
Than the blood that thrills in my bosom,
its earnest of liberty;

And dear are the stars it harbors in its sunny field of blue,

As the hope of the further heaven, that lights all our dim lives through.

But now, should my guests be merry, the house is in holiday guise,

Looking out through its burnished windows, like a score of welcoming eyes.

Come hither, my brothers, who wander in saintliness and in sin;

Come hither, ye pilgrims of Nature; my heart doth welcome you in.

3 (33)

- was serve-

My wine is not of the choicest, yet it bears an honest brand;

And the bread that I bid you lighten, I break with no sparing hand:

But pause, ere ye pass to taste it; one act must accomplished be,—

Salute the flag in its virtue, before ye sit down with me.

The flag of our stately battles, not struggles of wealth and greed,

Its stripes were a holy lesson, its spangles a deathless creed:

'Twas red with the blood of freemen, and white with the fear of the foe;

And the stars that fight in their courses 'gainst tyrants its symbols know.

Come hither, thou son of my mother; we were reared in the self-same arms;

Thou hast many a pleasant gesture, thy mind hath its gifts and charms;

But my heart is as stern to question as mine eyes are of sorrows full;

Salute the flag in its virtue, or pass on where others rule.

Thou lord of a thousand acres, with heaps of uncounted gold,

steeds of thy stall are haughty, thy lacke vs cunning and bold;

materia

I envy no jot of thy splendor, I rail at thy follies none, —

Salute the flag in its virtue, or leave my poor house alone!

Fair lady with silken flouncings, high waving thy stainless plume,

We welcome thee to our banquet, a flower of costliest bloom.

Let a hundred maids live widowed to furnish thy bridal bed,

But pause where the flag doth question, and bend thy triumphant head.

Julia Ward Howe.





RETURN OF THE RHINE SOLDIER.

T is the Rhine! Our mountain vineyards laving,

I see the bright flood whine! Sing on the march, with every banner waving, Sing, brothers! 'tis the Rhine!

The Rhine! the Rhine! Our own imperial river!

Be glory on thy track!

We left thy shores, to die or to deliver—

We bear thee Freedom back!

Hail! hail! My childhood knew thy rush of water,

Even as my mother's song;

That sound went past me on the field of slaughter,

And heart and arm grew strong.

(36)

Roll proudly on! Brave blood is with thee. sweeping,

Poured out by sons of thine,

Where sword and spirit forth in joy were leaping,

Like thee, victorious Rhine!

Home! home! Thy glad wave hath a tone of greeting,

Thy path is by my home,

Even now my children count the hours till meeting:

O, ransomed ones! I come.

Go tell the seas, that chain shall bind thee never!

Sound on by hearth and shrine!

Sing through the hills that thou art free forever ---

Lift up thy voice, O Rhine!

Felicia Hemans.





BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

accomos.

P from the meadows, rich with corn, Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered fires of Frederick stand, Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep, Apple and peach tree fruited deep.

Fair as the garden of the Lord To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall, When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains winding down, Horse and foot, into Frederick town. Forty flags, with their silver stars, Forty flags, with crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun Of noon looked down, and saw not one!

Up rose Barbara Frietchie then, Bowed with her fourscore years and ten,—

Bravest of all in Frederick town, She took up the flag the men hauled down.

In her attic window the staff she set, To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread, Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat, left and right, He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash; It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff, Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf. She leaned far out on the window sill, And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this gray old head; But spare your country's flag!" she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame, Over the face of the leader came.

The nobler nature within him stirred To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long, through Frederick street, Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tossed Over the heads of the rebel host;

Ever its torn folds rose and fell On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light Shone over it with a warm good night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er, And the rebel rides on his raids no more. Honor to her! and let a tear Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw Round thy symbol of light and law!

And ever the stars above look down On thy stars below at Frederick town. J. G. Whittier.





THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

~

HE stately homes of England!
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall, ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam;
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

(42)

The blesséd homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands, on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!

Long, long, in hut and hall,

May hearts of native proof be reared

To guard each hallowed wall!

And green forever be the groves,

And bright the flowery sod,

Where first the child's glad spirit loves.

Its Country and its God!

Felicia IIemans.



THE AMERICAN FLAG.

HEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!

Flag of the brave! Thy folds shall fly
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.

Flag of the free hearts' hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welcome dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

Foseph Rodman Drake.

IT IS GREAT FOR OUR COUNTRY TO DIE.

~ cons

IT is great for our country to die, where ranks are contending:

Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory awaits us for aye —

Glory, that never is dim, shining on with light never ending —

Glory, that never shall fade, never, O, never away.

O, it is sweet for our country to die! How softly reposes

Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,

Wet by a mother's warm tears. They crown him with garlands of roses:

Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs above.

O, then, how great for our country to die, in the front rank to perish,

Firm with our breast to the foe, Victory's shout in our ear!

Long they our statues shall crown; in songs our memory cherish;

We shall look forth from our heaven, pleas d the sweet music to hear.

James Gates Percival.

HAME, HAME, HAME!

~

AME, hame, hame! O, hame I fain would be;

O, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,

The lark shall sing me hame to my ain countrie.

Hame, hame! O, hame I fain would be!

O, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyaltie 's beginning now to fa';

The bonnie white rose, it is withering an' a'; But we'll water it wi' the bluid of usurping tyrannie,

And it shall fresh blow in my ain countrie!

O, there's nocht now frae ruin my countrie can save,

But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,

That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie,

May rise again, and fight for their ain countrie.

The great now are gone wha attempted to save;

The green grass is growing abune their grave;

Yet the sun through the mist seems to promise to me,

"I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie." Hame, hame, hame! O, hame I fain would be; O, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

Allan Cunningham.



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

HE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of Exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,

They, the true-hearted, came;

Not with the roll of stirring drums,

And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared From his nest by the white wave's foam; And the rocking pines of the forest roared -This was their welcome home?

There were men with hoary hair Amidst that Pilgrim band: Why had *they* come to wither there, Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye, Lit by her deep love's truth; There was manhood's brow, serenely high, And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar? — Bright jewels of the mine? The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?— They sought a Faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground, The soil where first they trod; They have left unstained what there they found ---Freedom to worship God.

Felicia Hemans.



GOD FOR OUR NATIVE LAND.

OD'S blessing be upon
Our own, our Native Land, —
The land our fathers won
By the strong heart and hand,
The keen axe and the brand,
When they felled the forest's pride,
And the tyrant foe defied, —
The free, the rich, the wide;
God for our Native Land!

Our Native Land! To thee,
In one united vow,
To keep thee strong and free,
And glorious as now,
We pledge each heart and hand!
By the blood our fathers shed,
By the ashes of our dead,
By the sacred soil we tread—
God for our Native Land!

G. W. Bethune.



NEW ENGLAND.

~ cons

AND of the forest and the rock,

Of the dark-blue lake, and mighty river,

Of mountains reared aloft to mock The storm's career, the lightning's shock,— My own green land forever! Land of the beautiful and brave, The freeman's home, the martyr's grave; The nursery of giant men, Whose deeds have linked with every glen, And every hill, and every stream, The romance of some warrior-dream: O, never may a son of thine, Where'er his wandering steps incline, Forget the sky which bent above His childhood like a dream of love, The stream beneath the green hill flowing, The broad-armed trees above it growing, The clear breeze through the foliage blowing; Or hear, unmoved, the taunt of scorn Breathed o'er the brave New England born;

Or mark the stranger's jaguar-hand
Disturb the ashes of thy dead,—
The buried glory of a land
Whose soil with noble blood is red,—
Nor feel resentment, like a brand
Unsheathing from his fiery heart!

F. G. Whittier.

~><>>≥<<<><-

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

REATHES there the man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said,—
"This is my own,—my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,

From wandering on a foreign strand? If such there breathe, go mark him well, For him, — no minstrel raptures swell! High though his title, proud his name, Boundless his wealth as wish can claim; Despite those titles, power, and pelf, The wretch concentred all in self, Living, shall forfeit fair renown, And doubly dying shall go down To the vile dust from whence he sprung, Unwept, unhonored. and unsung!

Sir Walter Scott.

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1

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"To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife—
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."
BURNS.

PART II.



AND





THE FAMILY.

EAR Love, whatever fate
The flying years unfold,
There's none can dissipate
The happiness we hold.
Whatever cloud may rise,
The very storms grow mild
When bend the blissful skies
O'er husband, wife, and child.

The errant dreams that failed,
The promises that fled,
The roseate hopes that paled,
The loves that now are dead,
The treason of the past,
All, all are reconciled:
Life's glory shines at last
On father, mother, child!

To meet the days and years,
With hands that never part;
To shed no secret tears,
To hide no lonely heart;
To know our longing stilled,
To feel that God has smiled:
These are the dreams fulfilled
In Husband, Wife, and Child,
In Father, Mother, Child!

Bayard Taylor.



ONLY A BABY.

COW)

NLY a Baby small,
Dropped from the skies!
Only a laughing face—

Two sunny eyes!

Only two cherry lips, One chubby nose; Only two little hands, Ten little toes. Only a golden head, Curly and soft; Only a tongue that wags,

Loudly and oft.

Only a little brain, Empty of thought; Only a little heart, Troubled with nought.

Only a tender flower, Sent us to rear; Only a life to love, While we are here.

Only a baby small, Never at rest; Small, but how dear to us, God knoweth best.

Addie Layton.





A WISH.

--

INE be a cot beside the hill;

A beehive's hum shall soothe my
ear;

A willowy brook, that turns a mill, With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch Shall twitter from her clay-built nest; Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch, And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

Rogers.

A MOTHER'S JOYS.

~660000

I've gear enough, I've gear enough,
I've bonnie bairnies three;
Their welfare is a mine of wealth,
Their love a crown to me.
The joys, the dear delights they bring,
I'm sure I'd not agree
To change for every worldly good
That could be given me.

Let others flaunt in Fashion's ring,
Seek rank and high degree;
I wish them joy with all my heart,—
They're envied not by me.
I would not give those loving looks,
The heaven of those smiles,
To bear the proudest name—to be
The Queen of Britain's isles.

My sons are like their father, dear;
And all the neighbors tell

That my young blue-eyed daughter's just
The picture o' mysel'.

O, blessings on my darlings all!

They're dear as summer's shine;

My heart runs o'er with happiness
To think that they are mine!

(59)

60 HIAWATHA'S JOURNEY HOMEWARD.

At evening, morning, every hour,
I've an unchanging prayer,
That Heaven would my bairnies bless,—
My hope, my joy, my care.
I've gear enough, I've gear enough,
I've bonnie bairnies three;
Their welfare is a mine of wealth,
Their love a crown to me.

William Fergurson.



HIAWATHA'S JOURNEY HOMEWARD.

~cows-

LEASANT was the journey homeward!
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease;
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,—
"Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you!"
Sang the Opechee, the robin,—
"Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband!"
From the sky, the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,

Saying to them, — "O, my children, Love is sunshine, hate is shadow, Life is checkered, shade and sunshine, — Rule by love, O, Hiawatha."

From the sky the moon looked at them, Filled the lodge with mystic splendors, Whispered to them,—"O, my children, Day is restless, night is quiet, Man imperious, woman feeble; Half is mine, although I follow; Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

H. W. Longfellow.

. . . .

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

ET others seek for empty joys,
At ball or concert, rout or play;
Whilst far from Fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away,
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide,
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee — my own fireside!

My own fireside! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide,
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own — my own fireside?

A gentle form is near me now;
A small white hand is clasped in mine:
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask, What joys can equal thine?
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
Where may love seek a fitter shrine
Than thou, my own fireside?

What care I for the sullen war
Of winds without, that ravage earth—
It doth but bid me prize the more
The shelter of thy hallowed hearth;
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth:
Then let the churlish tempest chide,
It cannot check the blameless mirth
That glads my own fireside!

Thy precincts are a charméd ring, Where no harsh feeling dares intrude; Where life's vexations lose their sting; There even grief is half subdued; And peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.

Then let the world's proud fool deride;
I'll pay my debt of gratitude

To thee — my own fireside.

Shrine of my household duties!

Bright scene of home's unsullied joys!

To thee my burdened spirit flies,

When Fortune frowns, or Care annoys,

Thine is the bliss that never cloys;

The smile whose truth hath oft been tried;

What then are this world's tinsel toys,

To thee — my own fireside!

O, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be,
Let joy or grief my fate betide,
Be still an Eden bright to me,
My own — my own fireside!

Alaric A. Watts.





THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE.

By that pretty white hand o' thine, And by a' the lowing stars in heaven, That thou wad aye be mine!

And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie, And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick o'er heaven,
That thou shalt aye be mine!

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic bands,

An' the heart that wad part sic love! But there's nae hand can loose the band Save the finger o' God above.

Tho' the wee, wee cot maun be my bield, An' my claithing e'er sae mean,

I wad lap me up rich i' the folds o' love, Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean. Her white arm would be a pillow to me, Fu' safter than the down,

An' Love wad winnow owre us his kind, kind wings,

An' sweetly I'd sleep and soun'.

Come here to me, thou lass o' my love, Come here, and kneel wi' me;

The morn is fu' o' the presence o' God, An' I canna pray but thee.

The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,

The wee birds sing kindly an' hie,

Our gude-man leans owre the kail-yard dike, An' a blithe auld body is he.

The Beok maun be taen when the carle comes hame,

Wi' the holie psalmodie,

An thou maun speak o' me to thy God, And I will speak o' thee!

Allan Cunningham.





THE FATHER'S KNEE.

HAPPY is the mother
Of each little pet,
Who has a happy father,
By the fire set,
With one wee tottum sleeping
'Neath its mother's e'e,
Another tottum creeping
Up its father's knee,
Aye rocking, rocking,
Aye rocking, ree—
Pulling at his stocking,
Climbing up his knee.

Though our wee bit housie Few there be that know, Happy we and cosie, Round about it go.

(66)

Though for seats so scanty,
Bairns cannot agree,
They cuddle all so ranty
On their father's knee.
They're aye wink — winking,
With a sleeping e'e,
Or aye jink-jinking
Round their father's knee.

Though the sunlight shining
Scarce glints on the wall,
There is ne'er repining
By our fire-light small.
And bright the rays of glory,
Streaming down we see,
When the good grandsire hoary
Bends his aged knee,
Both the parents kneeling
By their totts so wee,—
Holy is the feeling
Offered on the knee.

I wonder if in palace,
Or in lordly hall,
Their hearts are all as hale as
In our cot so small;
If the Royal Mother
Can her lassies see,
Cuddling their wee brother
On their father's knee!

68 THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

-matheres-

What to her kind bosie
Are her kingdoms three,
Unless her totts are cosie
On their father's knee.

James Ballantyne.



THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Y loved, my honored, much respected friend,

No mercenary bard his homage pays; With honest pride I scorn each selfish end, My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise:

To you I sing in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless
ways;

What Aiken in a cottage would have been; Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween. -myferen

November chill blaws loud w' angry sugh; '
The shortening winter-day is near a close;

The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose;

The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes, This night his weekly moil is at an end, Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,

And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

hoes,

At length his lonely cot appears in view, Beneath the shelter of an agéd tree;

Th' expectant wee-things, todlin, stacher through,

To meet their dad wi' flichterin' noise and glee.

His wee bit ingle' blinkin' bonnilie,

His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,

The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor and his
toil.

¹ The continued rushing of a strong wind.

² Little children. ³ Tottering. ⁴ Stagger.

⁵ Fluttering.

⁶ Small fireplace.

-mytere-

Pelyve¹ the elder bairns come drappin' in, At service out, amang the farmers roun'; Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie² rin

A cannie errand to a neebor town; Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,

In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,

Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,

Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee, To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet, An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:³

The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;

Each tells the uncos' that he sees or hears: The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years; Anticipation forward points the view.

The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears, Gars' auld claes look amaist' as weel's the new;

The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

¹ By and by. ² Carefully. ³ To inquire.

⁴ Strange sights, tales, or stories. ⁵ Makes.

⁶ Almost.

Their masters' and their mistresses' command.

The younkers a' are warnéd to obey; An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand, An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk? or play;

An' O, be sure to fear the Lord alway! An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night! Lest in temptation's path ye gang^a astray, Implore his counsel and assisting might: They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door: Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,

Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor, To do some errands, and convey her hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;

Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,

While Jenny hafflins' is afraid to speak; Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

¹ Diligent. 2 Dally, or trifle. ³ Go. ⁴ Partly.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben; A strappan youth; he taks the mother's

eye;

Blithe Jenny sees the visit 's no ill ta'en;

The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye;

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,

But blate² and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;

Weel pleased to think her bairn 's respected' like the lave.

O, happy love! where love like this is found!
O, heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!

I've paced much this weary, mortal round, And sage experience bids me this declare:

If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare

One cordial in this melancholy vale,

'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair, In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

¹ In the country parlor. ² Bashful. ⁸ Sheepish.

⁴ Child. ⁵ The rest, the others.

Is there in human form that bears a heart —

A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!

That can, with studied, sly, insnaring

Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?

Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!

Are honor, virtue, conscience, all ex-

Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,1

Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?

Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board!

The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:

The soup their only hawkie' does afford, That 'yont' the hallan' snugly chows her cud:

¹ Sorrow. ² Wholesome porridge.

⁸ Cow. 4 Beyond.

⁵ A partition-wall in a cottage, or a seat of turf at the outside.

The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,

- mydene

To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck fell,

An' aft he 's pressed, an' aft he ca's it good; The frugal wifie, garrulous will tell,

How 'twas a towmond auld,' sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,

They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace, The big Ha'-Bible, ance his father's

pride:

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,

His lyart' hafferts' wearin' thin and bare;

Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,

He wales a portion with judicious care; And, "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

¹ Well-saved or well-kept cheese.

² Well-savored, of good relish. ³ A twelvemonth old.

⁴ Since flax was in the flower.

⁶ Fireplace. ⁶ The large hall-Bible.

Gray, or of a mixed color.

⁸ Temples, side of the head.

⁹ Chooses, selects.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;

They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;

Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,

Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy o' the name:
Or noble Elgin beets the heavenward
flame,

The sweetest far o' Scotia's holy lays:

Compared with these, Italian trills are tame; The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;

Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page, How Abraham was the friend of. God on high;

Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage With Amalek's ungracious progeny;

Or, how the royal bard did groaning lie Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;

Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry; Or, rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire; Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

¹ Dundee, Martyrs, Elgin, names of sacred melodies used in singing psalms.

² Adds fuel to or increases devotion.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme, How guiltless blood for guilty man was

shed;

How *He*, who bore in heaven the second name,

Had not on earth whereon to lay his head; How his first followers and servants sped;

The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:

How he, who lone in Patmos banished, Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,

And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,

The saint, the father, and the husband prays:

Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"

That thus they all shall meet in future days;

There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,

Together hymning their Creator's praise,

In such society, yet still more dear,

While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

¹ Pope's Windsor Forest.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,

In all the pomp of method and of art,

When men display to congregations wide

Devotion's every grace except the *heart!*

The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert.

The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole; But haply, in some cottage far apart,

May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;

And in His book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;

The youngling cottagers retire to rest:

The parent-pair their secret homage pay,

And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,

That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest.

And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,

Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best.

For them and for their little ones provide:

But chiefly in their hearts with grace.divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings, "An honest man's the noblest work of God:"

And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road, The cottage leaves the palace far behind: What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load, Disguising oft the wretch of human-kind, Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O, Scotia! my dear, my native soil! For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!

And O, may Heaven their simple lives prevent

From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile! Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent.

A virtuous populace may rise the while, And stand a wall of fire around their muchloved Isle.

¹ Pope's Essay on Man.

O, Thou! who poured the patriotic tide That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart;

Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride, Or nobly die, the second glorious part, (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art, His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)

O, never, never, Scotia's realm desert; But still the patriot and the patriot bard, In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

Robert Burns.





THE MOTHER'S WISH.

To sounds 'tis joy to hear;
I feel the touch of baby hands
My bosom clinging near.

And warm red lips and baby breath Come softly to my cheek,
Content am I with all that makes
My heart so warm and meek.

If I could bid my life stand still
Just when, or where, or how,—
Baby is sleeping on my breast,—
I think I'd have it—now.

Of varied sweetness life is full,
Of what to woman's best,
Of love of husband, child, and home,
Of work with this sweet rest.

(80)

Will they float away, these sweet, sweet joys,
As the fleeting years go by?
Can time dim pleasure to the heart,
Or will their memories die?

Will the prattling sounds of babyhood, The joy of childhood's ways, Be equalled in a mother's heart By the joy of other days?

Will the words sound half as sweetly When the boy can say them plain, Or my heart beat happier, prouder, When my baby is a man?

Can I give the man such comfort
In need of mind and heart,
As by kissing baby's finger,
Which the pin has made to smart?

They will pass away, these bright, bright days,
But their joys must ne'er depart;
I will bind them round in sheaves of love,
And gather them in my heart.

Lord, make my mother-heart grow large, That I may hold them all, Nor feel them slipping from my grasp As coming years shall fall. -sostpere-

And make my memory true and strong, To keep my darling's ways, That they may light drear ways of life, And brighten later days.

Louise Reid Estes.



WHEN I COME HOME.

ROUND me life's hell of fierce ardors burns,

When I come home, when I come home;

Over me heaven, with its starry heart, yearns When I come home, when I come home; For a feast of gods garnished the palace of night,

At a thousand star-windows is throbbing with light;

London makes mirth! but I know God hears The sobs in the dark, and the dropping of tears;

For I feel that He listens down Night's great dome

When I come home, when I come home; Far in the night, when I come home!

I walk under Night's triumphal arch,

ľ

When I come home, when I come home,

Exulting with life like a conqueror's march.
When I come home, when I come home,

I pass by the rich-chambered mansions that shine,

Overflowing with splendor like goblets with wine:

I have fought, I have vanquished the dragon of toil,

And before me my golden Hesperides smile!

And O, but Love's flowers make rich the gloam

When I come home, when I come home.

O, the sweet, merry mouths upturned to be kissed,

When I come home, when I come home! How the younglings yearn from the hungry nest,

When I come home, when I come home! My weary, worn heart into sweetness is stirred.

And it dances and sings like a singing bird, On the branch nighest heaven, — a-top of my life,

As I clasp my winsome, wooing wife!

And her pale cheek with rich, tender passion doth bloom,

When I come home, when I come home.

Clouds furl off the shining face of my life, When I come home, when I come home, And leave heaven bare on her bosom, sweet wife,

When I come home, when I come home, With her brave, smiling energies, — Faith warm and bright, —

With love glorified and serenely alight,
With her womanly beauty, and queenly calm,
She steals to my heart with a blessing of
balm;

And O, but the wine of Love sparkles with foam,

When I come home, when I come home! Home, home. When I come home, Far in the night, when I come home.

Gerald Massey.



THE HAPPY LOT.

LEST is the hearth where daughters gird the fire,

And sons that shall be happier than their sire,

Who sees them crowd around his evening chair,

While Love and Hope inspire his wordless prayer.

O, from their home paternal may they go, With little to unlearn, though much to know; May they shun baseness as they shun the grave!

May they be frugal, pious, humble, brave! Sweet peace be theirs, — the moonlight of the breast, —

And occupation, and alternate rest;

Be chaste their nuptial bed, their home be sweet,

Their floor resound the tread of little feet; Blessed beyond fear and fate, if blessed by Thee,

And heirs, O Love, of thine Eternity.

Ebenezer Elliot.



HOME'S A NEST.





HOME is a nest of the spring, Where children may grow to take wing.

A nest where the young folk are bred Up, to take on the work of the dead.

Where babes may grow women and men, For the rearing of children again.

Where our children grow up to take on Our own places, when we are all gone.

All forsaken, when children have flown, Like a nest on the bush-top alone. (86) Where our children are bred to fulfil, Not our own, but our Father's good will.

O, Home is a Nest!

1

William Barnes.



POSSESSION.

~emm

T was our wedding day,

A month ago, dear heart, I hear you say,

If months, or years, or ages since have
passed,

I know not: I have ceased to question Time. I only know that once there pealed a chime Of joyous bells, and then I held you fast, And all stood back, and none my right denied, And forth we walked: the world was free and wide

Before us. Since that day I count my life: the Past is washed away.

It was no deam, that vow:

It was the voice that woke me from a dream,—

A happy dream, I think; but I am waking now,

And drink the splendor of a sun supreme

4

That turns the mist of former tears to gold. Within these arms I hold
The fleeting promise, chased so long in vain:
Ah, weary bird! thou wilt not fly again;
Thy wings are clipped, thou canst no more depart;

Thy nest is builded in my heart!

I was the cresent; thou
The silver phantom of the perfect sphere,
Held in its bosom: in one glory now
Our lives united shine, and many a year—
Not the sweet moon of bridal only—we
One lustre, ever at the full, shall be:
One pure and rounded light, one planet whole,
One life developed, one completed soul!
For I in thee, and thou in me,
Unite our cloven halves of destiny.

God knew His chosen time;
He bade me slowly ripen to my prime,
And from my boughs withheld the promised
fruit,

Till storm and sun gave vigor to the root. Secure, O Love! secure
Thy blessing is: I have thee day and night;
Thou art my blood, my life, my light;
God's mercy thou, and therefore shalt endure!

Bayard Taylor.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE O.

~255

Tells bughtin'-time¹ is near, my jo;
And owsen² frae the furrowed field,
Return sae dowf³ and weary O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks,
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I 'll meet thee on the lea-rig,⁴
My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest' glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie' O,
If through that glen I gaed' to thee,
My ain kind dearie O.
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae wearie O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;

The time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked. Oxen. Pithless. Grassy ridge.

Darkest. Frighted. Went.

Gie me the hour o' gloamin' gray, It maks my heart sae cheery O, To meet thee on the lea-rig, My ain kind dearie O.

Robert Burns.



MATERNITY.

~ com

EIGH-HO! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,

And dance with the cuckoo-buds, slender and small!

Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses,

Eager to gather them all,

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!

Mother shall thread them a daisy chain;
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow
That loved her brown little ones, loved them
full fain:

Sing, "Heart thou art wide, though the house be but narrow,"—

Sing once, and sing it again.

¹ Twilight.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and
they bow;

A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters, And haply one musing doth stand at her prow:

O, bonny brown sons, and, O, sweet little daughters,

Maybe he thinks on you now!

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair young daffodils, stately and tall—
A sunshiny world, full of laughter and leisure,

And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall!

Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure,

God that is over us all!

Jean Ingelow.





THE WIFE'S BECAUSE.

- TOBER

T is not because your heart is mine — mine only —

Mine alone;

It is not because you chose me, weak and lonely,

For your own;

Not because the earth is fairer, and the skies Spread above you

Are more radiant for the shining of your eyes,

That I love you!

It is not because the world's perplexed meaning Grows more clear,

And the parapets of Heaven, with angels leaning,

Seem more near;

And Nature sings of praise with all her voices Since yours spoke,

Since within my silent heart, that now rejoices, Love awoke!

(92)

Nay, not even because your hand holds heart and life;

At your will,

Soothing, hushing all its discord, making strife Calm and still;

Teaching Trust to fold her wings, nor ever roam

From her nest;

Teaching Love that her securest, safest home Must be Rest.

But because this human Love, though true and sweet,—

Yours and mine, -

Has been sent by Love more tender, more complete,

More divine,

That it leads our hearts to rest at last in heaven,

Far above you,

Do I take you as a gift that God has given — And I love you!

Adelaide Proctor.





BABY MAY.

~ comos~

HEEKS as soft as July peaches, Lips, whose dewy scarlet teaches Poppies paleness; — round large eyes, Ever great with new surprise; Minutes filled with shadeless gladness, Minutes just as brimmed with sadness; Happy smiles and wailing cries, Crows and laughs and tearful eyes; Lights and shadows swifter borne Than on wind-swept autumn corn; Ever some new tiny notion, Making every limb all motion— Catchings up of legs and arms, Throwings back, and small alarms, Clutching fingers, straightening jerks, Twining feet, whose each toe works, Kickings up and straining risings, Mother's ever-new surprisings! Hands all wants, and looks all wonder At all things the heavens under; (94)

Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings That have more of love than lovings; Mischiefs done with such a winning Archness, that we prize such sinning; Breakings dire of plates and glasses, Graspings small at all that passes, Pullings off from tray or table; Silences, — small meditations, — Deep as thoughts of cares for nations, Breaking into wisest speeches, In a tongue that nothing teaches; All the thoughts of whose possessing Must be wooed to light by guessing; Slumbers, such sweet angel-seemings, That we'd ever have such dreamings, Till from sleep we see thee breaking, And we'd always have thee waking; Wealth, for which we know no measure, Pleasure high above all pleasure, Gladness brimming over gladness, Joy in care, delight in sadness, Loveliness beyond completeness, Sweetness distancing all sweetness, Beauty all that beauty may be -That's May Bennett,—that's my baby.

Bennett.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

~

ER, by her smile, how soon the stranger knows!

How soon by his the glad discovery shows,

As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy!
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word,

His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard, And ever, ever to her lap he flies,

When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise.

Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung
(That name most dear forever on his tongue),
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she
sings!

How blest to feel the beatings of his heart, Breathe his sweet breath, and bliss for bliss impart;

Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,

And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!

Samuel Rogers.



ON SEEING MY WIFE AND CHIL-DREN SLEEPING.

- Marie

ND has the earth lost its so spacious round,

The sky, its blue circumference above,
That in this little chamber there are found
Both earth and heaven — my universe of
Love?

All that my God can give me, or remove, Here sleeping, save myself, in mimic death, Sweet that in this small compass I behoove To live their living, and to breathe their breath!

Almost I wish, that with one common sigh
We might resign all mundane care and
strife,

And seek together that transcendent sky, Where Father, Mother, Children, Husband, Wife,

Together pant in everlasting life!

(97)

DOMESTIC LOVE.

~com

LOVE of loves!—to thy white hand is given

Of earthly happiness the golden key. Thine are the joyous hours of Winter's even, When the babes cling around their father's knee,

And thine the voice, that, on the midnight sea, Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,

Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see. Spirit! I've built thee a shrine; and thou hast come,

And on its altar closed — forever closed, thy plume.

George Croly.



DOMESTIC PEACE.

--

ELL me on what holy ground
May Domestic Peace be found?
Halcyon Daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wings she flies,
From the pomp of sceptred state,
From the rebels' noisy hate.

In a cottaged vale she dwells, Listening to the Sabbath bells! Still around her steps are seen Spotless Honor's meeker mien, Love, the sire of pleasing fears, Sorrow, smiling through her tears, And, conscious of the past, employ, Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

Samuel T. Coleridge.



THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

In the happy summer time—
When the raptured air is ringing
With Earth's music heavenward springing,
Forest chirp, and village chime—
Is there of the sounds that float
Unsighingly, a single note
Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,
As the laughter of a child?

792350

Listen! and be now delighted:

Morn hath touched her golden strings; Earth and Sky their vows have plighted; Life and Light are reunited,

Amid countless carollings; Yet, delicious as they are, There's a sound that's sweeter far— One that makes the heart rejoice More than all—the human voice!

Organ finer, deeper, clearer,
Though it be a stranger's tone—
Than the winds or waters dearer,
More enchanting to the hearer,
For it answereth to his own:
But of all its witching words,
Those are sweetest bubbling wild
Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers,
Haunted strains from rivulets,
Hum of bees among the flowers,
Rustling leaves and silver showers,
These, ere long, the ear forgets;
But in mine there is a sound
Ringing on the whole year round—
Heart-deep laughter that I heard
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 'twas heard by ear far purer,
Fondlier formed to catch the strain—
Ear of one whose love is surer—
Hers, the mother, the endurer

Of the deepest share of pain; Hers the deepest bliss to treasure Memories of that cry of pleasure; Hers to hoard, a life-time after, Echoes of that infant laughter.

'Tis a mother's large affection

Hears with a mysterious sense—
Breathings that evade detection,

Whisper faint and fine inflection,

Thrill in her with power intense.

Childhood's honeyed words untaught

Hiveth she in loving thought—

Tones that never thence depart;

For she listens — with her heart.

Laman Blanchard.





JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John;
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

Robert Burns.

¹ Sweetheart.

² Smooth.

(102)

MY LOVE, ANNIE.

OFT of voice and light of hand

As the fairest in the land—

Who can rightly understand

My Love, Annie?

Simple in her thoughts and ways, True in every word she says,— Who shall even dare to praise My Love, Annie?

'Midst a naughty world, and rude, Never in ungentle mood; Never tired of being good — My Love, Annie.

Hundreds of the wise and great Might o'erlook her meek estate; But good angels on her wait— My Love, Annie.

Many or few the loves that may
Shine upon her silent way, —
God will love her night and day,
My Love, Annie.

Mrs. D. Mulock Craik.

(103)



FIRESIDE JOYS.

ITTLE pink toes high in air,
Belonging to our baby fair,
Cooing to them merrily,
Playing with them joyously,
Happy in his infant way
Is our child at break of day.

In our hearts, sweet baby sounds
Wake the love which there abounds;
And we know him, morn and night,
Our blessing, joy, and sweet delight;
A gift from God, bright, fresh, and sure,
To keep our hearts true, warm, and pure.

Little terrors, through the day,
Through our happy hearts may stray,
Or the work and care of life
Make us weary of its strife;
Then our rosy, prattling boy
Brings back our hearts to love and joy.

(104)

Even comes, — and all so weary, Draw we to the fireside cheery, And where its light most brightly glows, Hold outstretched the baby's toes; His face is full of love and glee, His winning ways are joy to see.

He ever fills our life with joy, Our blesséd, winsome baby boy; For him we hope, for him we live, For him we pray the Lord to give Daily bread; and strength to make Fit to give, and fit to take.

Our home's a humble little cot, And humble think we is our lot; But God's best blessings us infold, While still within our arms we hold Each other, and our marriage joy,— Our loving, winsome baby-boy.

Such gifts the Lord doth make our own, To teach us of another home, Where parent love, and marriage bliss, Shall far exceed the joy of this; And happy, happier far shall be, That home to all eternity.

Louise Reid Estes.



HOME.

~ CRUDAY

The chosen haunt of simple thought;
I seek not Fortune's flattering gale,
I love the peaceful lot.

I leave the world of noise and show,
To wander by my native brook;
I ask, in life's unruffled flow,
No treasure but my friend and book.

These better suit the tranquil home,
Where the clear water murmurs by;
And if I wish a while to roam,
I have an ocean in the sky.

Fancy can charm and feeling bless
With sweeter hours than Fashion knows;
There is no calmer quietness
Than Home around the bosom throws.

Fames G. Percival.

(106)



THE FAMILY THANKSGIVING PSALM.

HOU, who sendest sun and rain, Thou, who spendest bliss and pain, Good with bounteous hand bestowing,

Evil for Thy will allowing,— Though Thy ways we cannot see, All is just that comes from Thee.

In the peace of hearts at rest, In the child at mother's breast, In the lives that now surround us, In the deaths that sorely wound us, Though we may not understand, Father, we behold Thy hand!

Hear the happy hymn we raise;
Take the love which is Thy praise;
Give content in each condition;
Bend our hearts in sweet submission,
And Thy trusting children prove
Worthy of the Father's love!

Bayard Taylor.

(107)

NOT OURS THE VOWS.

~ cours

OT ours the vows of such as plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are
bright,

To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread The thorny path of sorrow, With clouds above, and cause to dread Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies, Have drawn our spirits nearer, And rendered us, by Sorrow's ties, Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth, With mirth and joy may perish; That to which darker hours gave birth, Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time, And through Death's shadowy portal; Made by Adversity sublime, By Faith and Hope immortal.

Bernard Barton.



SONG OF THE PEASANT WIFE.

~ cons

OME, Patrick, clear up the storms on your brow;

You were kind to me once, — will you frown on me now? —

Shall the storm settle here, when from heaven it departs,

And the cold from without finds its way to our hearts?

No, Patrick, no! sure the wintriest weather, Is easily borne when we bear it together.

Though the rain's dropping through, from the roof to the floor,

And the wind whistles free where there once was a door,

Can the rain, or the snow, or the storm wash away

All the warm vows we made in our love's early day?

No, Patrick, no! sure the dark stormy weather Is easily borne, if we bear it together.

When you stole out to woo me when labor was done,

-mydene-

And the day that was closing, to us seemed begun,

Did we care if the sunset was bright on the flowers,

Or if we crept out amid the darkness and showers?

No, Patrick! we talked, while we braved the wild weather,

Of all we could bear, if we bore it together.

Soon, soon will these dark, dreary days be gone by,

And our hearts be lit up with a beam from the sky!

O, let not our spirits, imbittered with pain, Be dead to the sunshine that came to us then!

Heart in heart, hand in hand, let us welcome the weather,

And sunshine or storm, we will bear it together.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.



TO MY BELOVED ONE.

EAVEN hath its crown of stars, the earth

Her glory robe of flowers,—
The sea its gems, the grand old woods
Their songs and greening showers;
The birds have homes, where leaves and blooms

In beauty wreath above;
High yearning hearts, their rainbow dream —
And we, sweet! we have love.

We walk not with the jewelled great,
Where Love's dear name is sold;
Yet we have wealth we would not give
For all their world of gold!
We revel not in corn and wine,
Yet we have from above
Manna divine, and we'll not pine,
While we may live and love.

There's sorrow for the toiling poor,
On Misery's bosom nursed;
Rich robes for ragged souls, and crowns
For branded brows Cain-cursed!

But cherubim, with clasping wings, Ever about us be; And, happiest of God's happy things! There's love for you and me.

The lips that kiss till death, have turned Life's water into wine;
The sweet life, melting through thy looks,
Hath made my life divine.

All Love's dear promise hath been kept, Since thou to me wert given;

A ladder for my soul to climb, And summer high in heaven.

I know, dear heart! that in our lot
May mingle tears and sorrow;
But Love's rich rainbow's built from tears
To-day,—with smiles to-morrow.
The sunshine from our sky may die,
The greenness from life's tree,
But ever, 'mid the warring storm,
Thy nest shall sheltered be.

I see thee, Ararat of my life,
Smiling the waves above!
Thou hail'st me victor in the strife,
And beacon'st me with love.
The world may never know, dear heart!
What I have found in thee!
But though nought to the world, dear heart!
Thou'rt all the world to me.

Gerald Massey.

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"HOME'S A NEST."

Where children may grow to take wing."

"O, Home is a nest of the Spring,

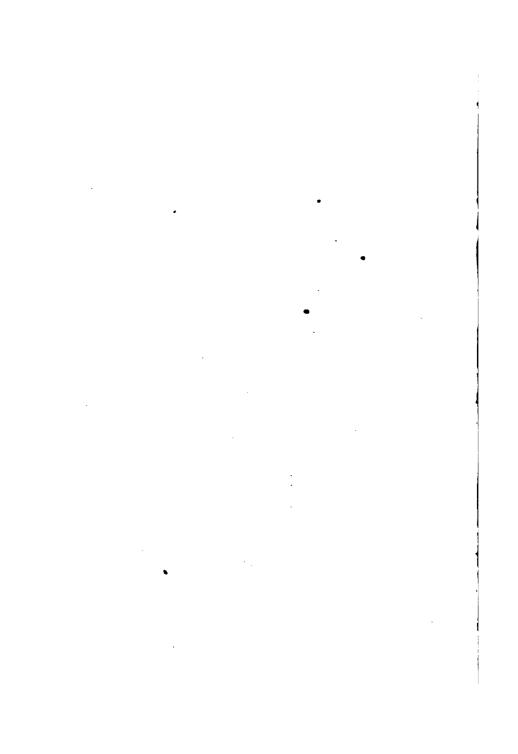
BARNES'S "RURAL POEMS."







PART III.





SWEET HOME.

-come

ID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;

A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,

Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met elsewhere.

Home! home; sweet home! There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain; O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again! The birds singing gayly that came at my call; Give me these with peace of mind, dearer than all.

Home, home; sweet home.

John Howard Payne.

(115)

EVENING HYMN.

O the sound of evening bells
All that lives to rest repairs,
Birds unto their leafy dells,
Beasts unto their forest lairs.
All things wear a home-bound look,
From the weary hind that plods
Through the cornfields, to the rook
Sailing toward the glimmering woods.

Tis the time with power to bring
Tearful memories of home;
To the sailor, wandering
On the far-off barren foam,
What a still and holy time!
Yonder glowing sunset seems
Like the pathway to a clime,
Only seen till now in dreams.

Pilgrim, here compelled to roam,
Nor allowed that path to tread,
Now when sweetest sense of home
On all living hearts is shed,
Doth not yearning, sad, sublime,
At this season stir thy breast,
That thou canst not at this time
Seek thy home, and happy rest?

Richard Chenevix French.

TOO LATE.

OULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas, In the old likeness that I knew, I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas, Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye; I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do; — Sweet as your smile on me shone ever, Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O, to call back the days that are not! My eyes were blinded, your words were few;

Do you know the truth now up in heaven, Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas; Not half worthy the like of you; Now all men beside seem to me like shadows— I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

(117)

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,

-myfreen

Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart,
Douglas,

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Mrs. D. Mulock Craik.



PATERNAL AFFECTION.

OME feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear,
From Passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!

Sir Walter Scott.



HOME-SICKNESS.

~ comos

Stored with pictures bright and rare,
Strains of deep melodious music,
Float upon the perfumed air;
Nothing stirs the dreary silence
Save the melancholy sea,
Near the poor and humble cottage,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, the sun is shining,
And the purple windows glow,
Till their rich armorial shadows
Stain the marble floor below;—
Faded autumn leaves are trembling
On the withered jasmin-etree,
Creeping round the little casement,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, the days are passing
O'er a pathway strewn with flowers;
Song, and joy, and starry pleasures
Crown the happy, smiling hours;
—
Slowly, heavily, and sadly,
Time with weary wings must flee,
Marked by pain, and toil, and sorrow,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, the great and noble
Tell me of renown and fame,
And the red wine sparkles highest,
To do honor to my name:

Far away a place is vacant,
By a humble heart, for me,
Dying embers dimly show it,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am are glorious dreamings,
Science, genius, art divine;
And the great minds whom all honor
Interchange their thoughts with mine:—
A few simple hearts are waiting,
Longing, wearying, for me,
Far away where tears are falling,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, all think me happy,
For so well I play my part,
None can guess, who smile around me,
How far distant is my heart;—
Far away, in a poor cottage,
Listening to the dreary sea,
Where the treasures of my heart are,
Where I fain would be!

Adelaide Proctor.

PLYMOUTH DEDICATION HYMN.

~ Q

HE winds and waves were roaring;
The Pilgrims met for prayer;
And here, their God adoring,
They stood in open air.
When breaking day they greeted,
And when its close was calm,
The leafless woods repeated
The music of their psalm.

Not thus, O, God, to praise Thee,
Do we, their children, throng;
The temple's arch we raise Thee,
Gives back our choral song.
Yet on the winds that bore Thee
Their worship and their prayers,
May ours come up before Thee
From hearts as true as theirs!

What have we, Lord, to bind us
To this the Pilgrims shore!—
Their hill of graves behind us,
Their watery way before,
The wintry surge that dashes
Against the rocks they trod,
Their memory, and their ashes,—
Be Thou their guard, O God!

(121)

We would not, Holy Father, Forsake this hallowed spot, Till on that shore we gather Where graves and griefs are not; The shore where true devotion Shall rear no pillar'd shrine, And see no other ocean Than that of love divine.

-magizara-

John Pierpont.



THE FAMILY MEETING.

PE are all here! Father, Mother, Sister, Brother, All who hold each other dear. Each chair is fill'd — we're all at home; To-night let no cold stranger come; It is not often this around Our old familiar hearth we're found. Bless then, the meeting and the spot; For once be every care forgot; Let gentle Peace assert her power, And kind affection rule the hour: We're all — all here.

-analizara-

We're not all here! Some are away—the dead ones dear, Who thronged with us this ancient hearth, And gave the hour to guiltless mirth. Fate with a stern, relentless hand, Looked in and thinn'd our little band: Some, like a night-flash, passed away, And some sank lingering day by day; The quiet graveyard - some lie there -And cruel Ocean has his share -

We're not all here.

We are all here! Even they — the dead — though dead, so dear: Fond memory, to her duty true, Brings back their faded forms to view. How life-like, through the mist of years, Each well-remembered face appears! We see them as in times long past; From each to each, kind looks are cast; We hear their words, their smiles behold; They're round us as they were of old — We are all here.

We are all here! Father, mother, sister, brother, You that I love with love so dear. - wither

This may not long of us be said; Soon must we join the gathered dead; And by the hearth we now sit round, Some other circle will be found, O, then, that wisdom may we know, Which yields a life of peace below! So in the world to follow this, May each repeat, in words of bliss,

We're all — all here!

Charles Sprague.



THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

e como

LOVE it, I love it, and who shall dare To chide me for loving that old arm-chair! I've treasured it long as a sainted prize -I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with sighs;

"Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart, Not a tie will break, not a link will start. Would you learn the spell? a mother sat there,

And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my
guide;

She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer, As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day, When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were gray;

And I almost worshipped her when she smiled And turned from her Bible to bless her child. Years rolled on; but the last one sped, My idol was shattered — my earth star fled; I learnt how much the heart can bear, When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now With quivering breath, and throbbing brow; 'Twas there she nursed me — 'twas there she died,

And memory flows with lava tide!
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding tears run down my cheek;
But I love it—I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from my mother's old arm-chair.

Eliza Cook.



LONGINGS FOR HOME.

~ COUNTY

SONG of a boat:—

There was once a boat on a billow:
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake like
snow,

And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,

And bent like the wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes, one day, when a boat Went curtseying over the billow;
I marked her course till a dancing mote She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear loved home;
And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow.

(126)

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short; —

My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.

Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open, desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me, —
Ah, me!

A song of a nest:—

There was once a nest in a hollow;

Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,

Soft and warm, and full to the brim—

Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,

With buttercup buds to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long;—
You shall never light, in a summer quest
The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them; but when they
were grown

They spread out their wings to fly -O, one after one they flew away, Far up to the heavenly blue, To the better country, the upper day, And—I wish I was going too.

I pray you, what is the nest to me, My empty nest? And what is the shore where I stood to see My boat sail down to the west? Can I call that home where I anchor yet, Though my good man has sailed? Can I call that home where my nest was set, Now all its hope has failed? Nay, but the port where my sailor went, And the land where my nestlings be: There is the home where my thoughts are sent,

The only home for me, — Ah, me!

Jean Ingelow.





THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

OW dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,

When fond recollection presents them to view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew!

The wide spreading pond, and the mill that that stood by it,

The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,

The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it, And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

9 (129)

130 THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

- That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure,
 - For often at noon, when returned from the field,
- I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest the sweetest that nature can
 yield.
- How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
 - And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
- Then soon with the emblem of truth over-flowing,
 - And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well —
- The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.
- How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
 - As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
- Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 - The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
- And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
 - The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the
well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

Samuel Woodworth.



EXILE OF ERIN.

- Contino

HERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,

The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;

For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill. But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,

For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,

Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion, He sang the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh. -matterer

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the
sweet hours,

Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,

And strike to the numbers of Erin go Bragh!

Erin my country! though sad and forsaken, In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore; But alas! in a fair foreign land I awaken, And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!

O, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me In a mansion of peace — where no perils can chase me?

Never again shall my brothers embrace me? They died to defend me or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door fast by the wild-wood?

Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is my mother that looked on my child-hood?

And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?

O, my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure, Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure? Tears like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers! Erin go Bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her
motion.

Green be thy fields — sweetest isle of the ocean,

And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion, —

Erin mavournin - Erin go Bragh!

Thomas Campbell.





AS THROUGH THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT.

S through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I;

We fell out I know not why, And kissed again with tears.

And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love,
And kiss again with tears!

For when we came where lies the child We lost in other years, There above the little grave, O, there, above the little grave, We kissed again with tears.

Alfred Tennyson.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

HE is a winsome wee thing, She is a handsome wee thing, She is a bonnie wee thing, This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing, She is a handsome wee thing, She is a bonnie wee thing, This sweet wee wife of mine.

The warlds wrack, we share o't, The warstle and the care o't, Wi' her I'll blythely bear it, And think my lot divine.

Burns.

¹ Gay.
⁴ Be lost.

² Little.

⁵ Vexation.

Nearest.Wrestling.

(135)



NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.

~cons-

LOVE contemplating — apart
From all his homicidal glory,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story!

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne Arm'd in our island every freeman, His navy chanced to capture one Poor British seaman.

They suffer'd him, I know not how, Unprison'd on the shore to roam; And aye was bent his longing brow On England's home.

His eye, methinks! pursued the flight Of birds to Britain half-way over; With envy they could reach the white Dear cliffs of Dover. A stormy, midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning — dreaming — doting,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The live-long day laborious; lurking
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond Description wretched; such a wherry Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond, Or crossed a ferry.

Far ploughing in the salt-sea field, It would have made the boldest shudder; Untarr'd, uncompass'd, and unkeel'd, No sail, — no rudder.

From neighb'ring woods he interlaced His sorry skiff with wattled willows; And thus equipped he would have pass'd The foaming billows. But Frenchmen caught him on the beach, His little Argo sorely jeering; Till tidings of him chanced to reach, Napoleon's hearing.

assay were

With folded arms Napoleon stood, Serene alike in peace and danger; And, in his wonted attitude, Addressed the stranger:—

"Rash man, that would'st yon Channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashion'd;
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassion'd."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;

"But absent long from one another—
Great was the longing that I had

To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said;
"Ye've both my favor fairly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce commanded,
He should be shipped to England old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantly shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin and gift,
Of Bonaparté.

Thomas Campbell.



WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now;
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea —
And would'st thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

-mydenea-

When but an idle boy, I sought its grateful shade; In all their gushing joy Here too my sisters played. My mother kissed me here; My father pressed my hand— Forgive this foolish tear, But let that old oak stand.

My heartstrings round thee cling, Close as thy bark, old friend! Here shall the wild-bird sing, And still thy branches bend. Old tree the storm shall brave! And woodman leave the spot: While I've a hand to save, Thy axe shall harm it not.

George P. Morris.





THE RETURN.

~ conso

AST thou come with the heart of thy childhood back?

The free, the pure, the kind?

So murmured the trees in my homeward track,

As they played to the mountain-wind.

"Hath thy soul been true to its early love?" Whispered my native streams;

"Hath thy spirit nursed amidst hill and grove, Still revered its first high dreams?"

"Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer

Of the child in his parent-halls?"—
Thus breathed a voice on the morning air,
From the old ancestral walls.

"Hast thou kept thy faith with the faithful dead,

Whose place of rest is nigh?
With the father's blessing o'er thee shed,
With the mother's trusting eye?"

Then my tears gushed forth in a sudden rain, As I answered, — "O, ye shades! I bring not my childhood's heart again To the freedom of your glades."

"I have turned from my first pure love aside, O, bright and happy streams! Light after light, in my soul have died, — The day-spring's glorious dreams.

"And the holy prayer from my thoughts hath pass'd, The prayer at my mother's knee;

Darkened and troubled I come at last, Home of my boyish glee!

"But I bear from my childhood a gift of tears, To soften and atone; And O, ye scenes of those blessed years,

They shall make me again your own!"

Felicia Hemans.



MY AIN COUNTREE.

~

HE sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has not the blythe blink he had
In my ain countree.
O, gladness comes to many,

But sorrow comes to many,

As I look o'er the wide ocean

To my ain countree.

O, it's nae my ain ruin
That saddens aye my e'e,
But the love I left in Galloway,
Wi' bonnie bairnies three.
My hamely hearth burnt bonnie,
An' smiled my fair Marie;
I've left my heart behind me
In my ain countree.

The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the bee;
But I'll win back — O, never,
To my ain countree.

I'm leal to the high heaven,
Which will be leal to me,
An' there I'll meet ye a' sune
Frae my ain countree.

Allan Cunningham.



THE EXILE'S DIRGE.

SUGGESTED BY THE FUNERAL RITES OF A COMPANY OF GERMAN EMIGRANTS IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

~ COWS

HERE went a dirge through the forest's gloom.

An exile was borne to a lonely tomb. "Brother!" (so the chant was sung In the slumberer's native tongue), "Friend and brother! not for thee Shall the sound of weeping be; Long the exile's woe hath lain On thy life a withering chain; Music from thine own blue streams, Wandered through thy fever-dreams, Voices from thy country's vines, Met thee 'midst the alien pines; And thy true heart died away, And thy spirit would not stay."

So swelled the chant; and the deep wind's moan

Seemed through the cedars to murmur, — "Gone!"

"Brother! by the rolling Rhine
Stands the home that once was thine;
Brother! now thy dwelling lies
Where the Indian arrow flies!
He that blessed thine infant head,
Fills a distant greensward bed;
She that heard thy lisping prayer,
Slumbers low beside him there;
They that earliest with thee played,
Rest beneath their own oak shade,
Far, far hence!— yet sea nor shore
Haply, brother! part ye more;
God hath called thee to that band
In the immortal Fatherland!"

"The Fatherland!" — with that sweet word A burst of tears 'midst the strain was heard.

"Brother! were we there with thee, Rich would many a meeting be! Many a broken garland bound, Many a mourned and lost one found! But our task is still to bear, Still to breathe in changeful air;

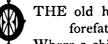
146 THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

Loved and bright things to resign, As even now this dust of thine; Yet to hope!— to hope in heaven, Though flowers fall, and ties be riven — Yet to pray! and wait the hand Beckoning to the Fatherland!"

. And the requiem died in forest's gloom; They had reached the exile's lonely tomb. Felicia Hemans.



THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.



THE old house at home, where my forefather dwelt,

Where a child at the feet of my mother I knelt,

Where she taught me the prayer, where she read me the page,

Which, if infancy lisps, is the solace of age,

My heart, 'mid all changes, wherever I roam, Ne'er loses its love for the old house at home.

'Twas not for the splendor that dwelling was dear,

Twas not that the proud or the noble was near.

O'er the porch the gay wild rose and woodbine entwin'd,

And the sweet scented jessamine waved on the wind;

Yet dearer to me than proud turrets or dome, Were the halls of my fathers, the Old House at Home.

Anonymous.



MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

 \sim eccoro \sim

HIS book is all that's left me now!—
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah, well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who, round the hearth-stone, used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

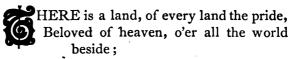
My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look
Who leaned God's word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What vivid memories come,—
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false, I found thee true,
My Counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

George P. Morris.

LOVE OF COUNTRY AND OF HOME.

- Carles



Where brighter suns dispense serener light, And milder moons imparadise the night; A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth, Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting
shores,

Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that
pole.

For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,

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150 LOVE OF COUNTRY AND OF HOME.

Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside His sword, his sceptre, pageantry, and pride; While, in his softened looks, benignly bend The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend.

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,

Strews with fresh flowers, the narrow way of life;

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye, An angel-guard of loves and graces lie; Around her knees domestic duties meet, And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet. Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?

Art thou a man? a patriot? look around; O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,

That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

7. Montgomery.





BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

效

SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,

There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,

And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.

The dying soldier faltered, as he took his comrade's hand,

And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land:

Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,

For I was born at Bingen — at Bingen on the Rhine.

- "Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
- To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vintage ground,
- That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
- Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.
- And 'midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,
- The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
- But some were young and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,
- And one had come from Bingen fair Bingen on the Rhine!
- "Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
- And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;
- For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
- My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles, fierce and wild;
- And when he died, and left us, to divide his scanty hoard,
- I let them take what e'er they would, but kept my father's sword,

And with boyish pride I hung it where the bright light used to shine,

modern-

- On the cottage-wall at Bingen calm Bingen on the Rhine.
- "Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
- When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
- But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
- For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die.
- And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name,
- To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
- And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),
- For the honor of old Bingen dear Bingen on the Rhine!
- "There's another—not a sister; in the happy days gone by
- You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
- Too innocent for coquetry,—to fond for idle scorning,—
- O, friend, I fear the lightest heart sometimes makes heaviest mourning;

- Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen,
- My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),
- I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
- On the vine-clad hills of Bingen fair Bingen on the Rhine!
- "I saw the blue Rhine sweep along I heard, or seemed to hear.
- The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear;
- And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
- The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
- And her glad blue eyes were on me as we passed, with friendly talk,
- Down many a path beloved of yore, and wellremembered walk,
- And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine;
- But we'll meet no more at Bingen loved Bingen on the Rhine!"
- His voice grew faint and hoarser, his grasp was childish weak, ---
- His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed, and ceased to speak;

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—

The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land — was dead!

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down

On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn;

Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!

Hon. Mrs. Norton.





THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

~ com

HAINED in the market-place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude
That shrank to hear his name,—
All stern of look and strong of limb,
His dark eye on the ground,—
And silently they gazed on him,
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought—
He was a captive now;
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow;
The scars his dark broad bosom wore,
Showed warrior, true and brave;
A prince among his tribe before,
He could not be a slave.

(156)

Then to his conqueror he spake,—
"My brother is a king:
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring,
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold dust from the sands."

"Not for thy ivory or thy gold
Will I unbind thy chain;
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle spear again.
A price thy nation never gave
Shall yet be paid for thee;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
In land beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior chief and bade
To shred his locks away,
And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the platted locks, and long,
And, deftly hidden there,
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crispéd hair.

"Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold, Long kept for sorest need; Take it,—thou askest sums untold,— And say that I am freed. Take it,—my wife, the long, long day, Weeps by the cocoa tree, And my young children leave their play, And ask in vain for me."

"I take thy gold, — but I have made
Thy fetters fast and strong,
And ween that by the cocoa shade
Thy wife shall wait thee long."
Strong was the agony that shook
The captive's frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look
Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken, — crazed his brain, —
At once his eye grew wild;
He struggled fiercely with his chain,
Whispered, — and wept, — and smiled;
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
And once, at shut of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands,
The foul hyena's prey.

W. C. Bryant.



MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Y heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;

My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;

Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe, My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,

The birthplace of valor, the country of worth; Wherever I wander, wherever I rove, The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;

Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;

Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;

Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,

My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer.

Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe, My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Robert Burns.

THE SONGS OF HOME.



SING once more those dear, familiar lays,

Whose gliding measure every bosom thrills,

And takes my heart back to the happy days
When first I sang them on my native hills!
With the fresh feelings of the olden times,

I hear them now upon a foreign shore— The simple music and the artless rhymes!

O, sing those dear familiar lays once more, Those cheerful lays of other days,

O, sing those cheerful lays once more!

O, sing once more those joy-provoking strains,
 Which half forgotten, in my memory dwell;
 They send the life-blood bounding through my veins,

And linger round me like a fairy spell.

The songs of home are to the human heart

Far dearer than the notes that song-birds
pour,

And of our very nature form a part;
Then sing those dear familiar lays on

Then sing those dear familiar lays once more!

Those cheerful lays of other days —
O, sing those cheerful lays once more!

George P. Morris.

UNDER THE MOON.

ROM you and home I sleep afar,
Under the light of a lonely star,
Under the moon that marvels why
Away from you and home I lie.
Ah! love no language can declare,
The hovering warmth, the tender care,
The yielding, sweet, invisible air
That clasps your bosom, and fans your cheek
With breath of words I cannot speak,—
Such love I give, such warmth impart:
The fragrance of a blossomed heart.

The moon looks in upon my bed,
Her yearning glory rays my head,
And round me clings, a lonely light,
The aureole of the winter night;
But in my heart a gentle pain,
A balmier splendor in my brain,
Lead me beyond the frosty plane,—
Lead me afar to mellower skies;
Where under the moon a palace lies;
Where under the moon our bed is made,
Half in splendor and half in shade.

(161)

II

The marble flags of the corridor
Through open windows meet the floor,
And Moorish arches in darkness rise
Against the gleam of the silver skies:
Beyond, in flakes of starry light,
A fountain prattles to the night,
And dusky cypresses, withdrawn
In silent conclave, stud the lawn;
While mystic woodlands, more remote,
In seas of airy silver float,
So hung in heaven, the stars that set
Seem glossy leaves the dew has wet
On topmost boughs, and sparkling yet.

In from the terraced garden blows

The spicy soul of the tuberose,

As if 'twere the odor of strains that pour

From the nightingale's throat as never
before;

For he sings not now of rounding thorn,
He sings as the lark in the golden morn,
A song of joy, a song of bliss,
Passionate notes that clasp and kiss,
Perfect peace and perfect pride,
Love rewarded and satisfied,
For I see you, darling, at my side.

I see you, darling, at my side: I clasp you closer in sacred pride, I shut my eyes, my senses fail,
Becalmed by Night's ambrosial gale.
Softer than dews the planets weep,
Descends a sweeter peace than sleep;
All wandering sounds and motions die
In the silent glory of the sky;
But, as the moon goes down the West,
Your heart against my happy breast,
Lays in its beating: Love is Rest.

Bayard Taylor.

- BOXONO

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

~ CECONON

FT, in the stilly night

Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

Fond memory brings the light

Of other days around me;

The smiles, the tears,

Of boyhood's years, The words of love then spoken; The eyes that shone,

Now dimmed and gone,

The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light

Of other days around me.

-southern

When I remember all The friends, so linked together, I've seen around me fall, Like leaves in wintry weather; I feel like one Who treads alone Some banquet-hall deserted, Whose lights are fled, Whose garlands dead, And all but he departed! Thus, in the stilly night, Ere slumbers chain has bound me, Sad memory brings the light, Of other days around me.

Thomas Moore.





"Stronger by weakness wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home."

"Divine Poesy," Edmund Waller.

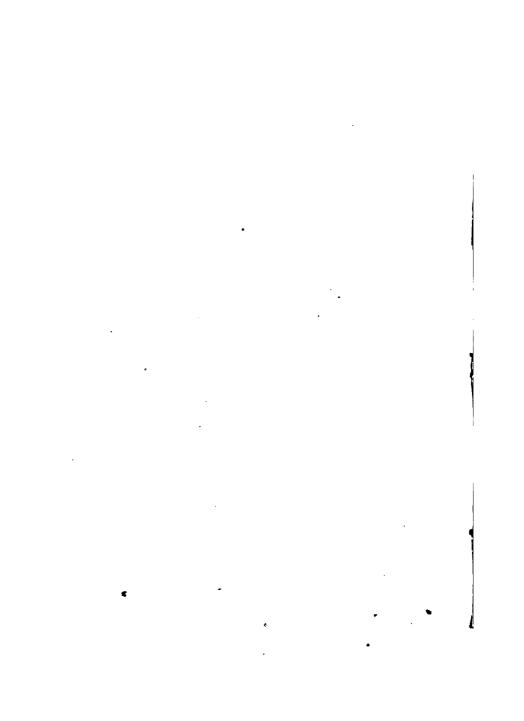




AND



PART IV.





UPWARD.

PWARD, where the stars are burning, Silent, silent in their turning Round the never-changing pole; Upward, where the sky is brightest, Upward, where the blue is lightest, Lift I now my longing soul!

Far above that arch of gladness, Far beyond those clouds of sadness, Are the many mansions fair! Far from pain, and sin, and folly, In that palace of the holy, I would find my mansion there!

Where the glory brightly dwelleth, Where the new song sweetly swelleth, And the discord never comes; Where life's stream is ever laving, And the palm is ever waving, That must be the home of homes!

(167)

Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings!
Son of man, they crown, they crown Him!
Son of God, they own, they own Him!
With His name the palace rings!

Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blesséd feet!
Poor the praise that now we render;
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His Throne we meet!

H. Bonar.



I LONG TO BE THERE!

- Control

Where there is no gloomy night,
Where love is the mainspring of duty,
And God the fountain of light,
And I long to be there!

I have read of its flowing river
That bursts from beneath the throne,
And the beautiful trees that ever
Are found on its banks alone,
And I long to be there!

I have read of the myriad choir,
Of the angels harping there,
Of their holy love that burns like fire,
And the shining robes they wear,
And I long to be there!

I long to be there!

I have heard of the sanctified throng
That passed from the earth to heaven,
And there unite the loudest song
Of praise for their sins forgiven,
And I long to be there!
(169)

I have read of their freedom from sin,
And suffering, and sorrow, too,
And the holy joy they feel within
As their risen Lord they view,
And I long to be there!

I long to rise to that world of light,
And to breathe its balmy air,
I long to walk with the Lamb in white,
And shout with the angels there;
O, I long to be there!

Edwin H. Nevin.



"REST REMAINETH."

Flowery fields for wandering feet, Peaceful calm for sleepless eyes, Life for death, and songs for sighs.

Rest Remaineth — hush that sigh; Mourning pilgrims, rest is nigh; Yet a season, bright and blest, Thou shalt enter on thy rest. Rest Remaineth — rest from sin — Guilt can never enter in; Every warring thought shall cease — Rest in purity and peace.

Rest Remaineth—rest from tears, Rest from parting, rest from fears; Every trembling thought shall be Lost, my Saviour—lost in Thee.

Rest Remaineth — O, how blest!
We believe, and we have rest;
Faith, reposing faith, hath been
'Mongst the things that are not seen.

Thus, my Saviour, let me be Even here at rest in Thee, And, at last, by Thee possessed, On Thy bosom sink to rest.

From "Dark Sayings on a Harp."





THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

HERE'S a Beautiful Land by the Spoiler untrod,

Unpolluted by sorrow and care;
It is lighted alone by the presence of God,
Whose throne and whose temple are there;
Its crystalline streams, with a murmuring flow,
Meander through valleys of green,

And its mountains of jasper are bright in the glow,

Of a splendor no mortal hath seen.

And the throngs of glad singers, with jubilant breath,

Make the air with their melodies rife; And one known on earth as the Angel of Death

Shines here as the Angel of Life!

An infinite tenderness beams from his eyes On his brow an infinite calm,

And his voice as it thrills through the depths of the skies,

Is as sweet as the Seraphim's psalm.

Through the amaranth groves of the Beautiful Land

Walk the souls that were faithful in this;

And their foreheads, star-crowned, by zephyrs are fann'd

That evermore murmur of bliss;

They taste the rich fruitage that hangs from the trees,

And breathe the sweet odors of flowers,

More fragrant than ever were kissed by the breeze

. In Araby's loveliest bowers.

Old prophets, whose words were a spirit of flame

Blazing o'er the darkness of Time;

And martyrs, whose courage no torture could tame,

Nor turn from their purpose sublime;

And saints and confessors, a numberless throng,

Who were loyal to truth and to right,

And left, as they walked through the darkness of wrong,

Their footprints encircled with light.

And the dear little children, who went to their

-majtre

Ere their lives had been sullied by sin,

While the Angel of Morning still tarried, a guest,

Their spirit's pure temple within —

All are there — all are there — in the Beautiful Land.

The land by the spoiler untrod,

And their foreheads, star-crowned, by the breezes are fann'd

That blow from the Gardens of God!

My soul hath look'd in through the gateway of dreams.

On the city all paven with gold,

And heard the sweet flow of its murmurous streams,

As through the green valleys they roll'd;

And though it still waits on this desolate strand.

A pilgrim and stranger on earth

Yet it knew in that glimpse of the Beautiful Land,

That it gazed on the home of its birth William H. Burleigh.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

 \sim ecos

'M wearing awa', Jean, Like snaw when its thaw, Jean, I'm wearing awa'

To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair,
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean,
O, we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal!

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean, My soul langs to be free, Jean, And angels wait on me

To the land o' the leal.

Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean,
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.

Lady Nairn.



THERE IS REST AT HOME.

-company

EST at home! the words were spoken on a journey long and drear,

By a faithful, loving comrade, with a smile of hope and cheer;

When with weariness and weakness I was sinking, overcome,—

"Courage, brother! let us onward, there is rest for us at home!"

Rest at home! a deeper meaning even then my spirit knew,

While a sweeter home than earth could give seemed brought before my view,

And dearer, brighter hopes than he was seeking to impart,

Gave new vigor to my sinking frame, new courage to my heart.

And though that toilsome journey is a trial long gone by,

Still its memory I cherish, and I would not let it die;

For in many a day of darkness, of perplexity, of pain,

-oragina-

- It has nerved me for the conflict, or the pilgrimage again.
- In hours of midnight solitude, when soothing sleep has fled,
- And the records of the varied past with a sad heart I have read, —
- When the burdens of the present hour, its duties and its care,
- Have seemed beyond what failing strength or feeble faith could bear,—
- Or when looking to the future, with a deep foreboding sigh,
- I have watched the dark'ning shadows of new troubles drawing nigh; —
- Then, like a message from above, again the words have come,
- "Courage, brother! hasten forward, there is rest for thee at home!"
- There, among the many mansions, by Himself prepared and blest,
- Who called on earth the sinful and the weary to His rest;
- Where error, and temptations, and afflictions all are o'er,
- And the dread of coming partings shall oppress the heart no more,—

Oh! with this hope before us set, this prospect drawing near,

With every changing season, with each brief revolving year,

How gladly may we labor on, how earnestly obey,

How lightly think of trials or of dangers by the way!

H. H. L.



A LITTLE WHILE.

-comer-

EYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading, I shall be soon; Beyond the shining and the shading, Beyond the hoping and the dreading, -watere

I shall be soon; Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope! Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and hope!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon,
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

H. Bonar.



SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

NTO the Silent Land!

Ah! who shall lead us thither?

Clouds in evening sky more darkly gather,

And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O, thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!

To you, ye boundless regions

Of all perfection! Tender morning visions

Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge

and band!

Who in Life's battle firm doth stand, Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms Into the Silent Land.
(180) O, Land! O, Land!
For all the broken-hearted,
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckon's, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land!

From the German by Longfellow.



ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.



NE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I have ever been before.

Nearer my Father's house, Where many mansions be; Nearer the great white throne; Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.

Jesus my perfect trust,
Strengthen the hand of my faith;
Let me feel Thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shore of death.

Feel Thee near when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For, it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer than now I think.

Phæbe Cary.



THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY.

~cows ~

HERE is the unknown country?

I whispered sad and slow,—

"The strange and awful country

To which I soon must go, must go,

To which I soon must go?"

Out of the unknown country

A voice sang soft and slow:

"O, pleasant is that country

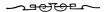
And sweet it is to go, to go,

And sweet it is to go.

"Along the shining country
The peaceful rivers flow:
And in that wondrous country
The tree of life does grow, does grow,
The tree of life does grow."

Ah, then into that country
Of which I nothing know,
The everlasting country,
With willing heart I go, I go,
With willing heart I go.

Mrs. D. Mulock Craik.



HOPEFULLY WAITING.

~~~

"Blessed are they that are Homesick, for they shall come at last to the Father's House."

Heinrich Stilling.

OT as you meant, O, learned man and good,

Do I accept thy words of hope and rest; God knowing all, knows what for me is best,

And gives me what I need, not what He could, Nor always as I would! I shall go to the Father's House, and see
Him and the Elder Brother face to face,
What day or hour I know not. Let me be
Steadfast in work, and earnest in the race,
Not as a homesick child, who all day long
Whines at its play, and seldom speaks in
song.

If for a time some loved one goes away,
And leaves us our appointed work to do,
Can we to him or to ourselves be true,
In mourning his departure day by day,
And so our work delay?

Nay, if we love and honor, we shall make
The absence brief by doing well our task,
Not for ourselves, but for the dear one's
sake:

And of his coming only of him ask
Approval of the work, which most was
done,

Not for ourselves, but our belovéd one!

Our Father's House, I know, is broad and grand;

In it how many, many mansions are!
And far beyond the light of sun and stars,
Four little ones of mine through that fair
land

Are walking hand in hand!

Think you I love not, or that I forget
These of my loins? Still this world is fair,
And I am singing while my eyes are wet
With weeping in this balmy summer air;
Yet I'm not homesick, and the children here
Have need of me, and so my way is clear!

I would be joyful as my days go by, Counting God's mercies to me. He who bore

Life's heaviest cross is mine for evermore; And I, who wait His coming, shall not I On his sure word rely?

So if sometimes the way be rough, and sleep Be heavy for the grief he sends to me,

Or at my waking I would only weep,

Let me be mindful that these things must be,

To work His blesséd will he come, And take my hand and safely lead me home.

A. D. F. Randolph.





### I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

AR out of sight, while sorrows still infold us,

Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,

And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us,

Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

"I shall be satisfied!" The spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred
minds,—

The silent love that here meets no returning,— The inspiration that no language finds.

"Shall they be satisfied? The soul's vague longings, —

The aching void which nothing earthly fills?

O, what desires upon my heart are thronging,
As I look upward to the heavenly hills!

# GOD THE CREATURE'S HOME. 187

"Thither my weak and weary steps are tending;—

Saviour and Lord! with Thy frail child abide!

Guide me towards Home, where, all my wanderings ending,

I shall see Thee, and shall be satisfied!"

Anonymous.

### <del>->>>≠\*\*\*\*\*</del>

# GOD ONLY IS THE CREATURE'S HOME.

OD only is the Creature's Home,
Though long and rough the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

How little of that road, my soul,
How little hast thou gone!
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee further on.

The perfect way is hard to flesh;
It is not hard to love;
If thou wert sick for want of God,
How swiftly would'st thou move!

Faber.



### THE BETTER LAND.

~ cows

HERE'S a land of peerless beauty,
And of glory all untold,
Where no shadow ever falleth,
Where no sunny face grows old;
Where the crystal river floweth,
With the tree upon its banks,
And with love each bosom gloweth,
In the bright Celestial ranks.

O, to reach that clime of gladness
Be it all my soul's desire;
Amid scenes of joy or sadness,
Upward still would I aspire.
Brief the pang my heart that rendeth,
Brief the joy that swells it here;
But the rapture never endeth
Of that pure and blesséd sphere.

There is Jesus, my Redeemer,
With the many crowns he wears,
And the scars of earthly wounding,
Precious tokens which he bears;
There the angels, all so glorious,
In the outer circle stand,
While the souls by faith victorious
Are a nearer, dearer band.

Then, while months and years are taking Like a dream their flight away,
If they bring me but the breaking
Of the one eternal day,
I will not regret their fleetness
Nor hold fast to things below,
I will only ask a meetness
For the bliss to which I go.

Leaves Gathered.





## HOMEWARDS.

e como

ROPPING down the troubled river, To the tranquil, tranquil shore; Dropping down the misty river, Time's willow shaded river, To the spring-embosomed shore; Where the sweet light shineth ever, And the sun goes down no more, O, wondrous, wondrous shore!

Dropping down the winding river, To the wide and welcome sea; Dropping down the narrow river, Man's weary, wayward river, To the blue and ample sea; Where no tempest wrecketh ever, Where the sky is fair and free; O, joyous, joyous sea!

(190)

-modition

Dropping down the noisy river,
To our peaceful, peaceful home;
Dropping down the turbid river,
Earth's bustling, crowded river,
To our gentle, gentle home;
Where the rough roar riseth never,
And the vexings cannot come;
O, loved and longed for home!

Dropping down the eddying river,
With a Helmsman true and tried;
Dropping down the perilous river—
Mortality's dark river,
With a sure and Heavenly Guide;
Even Him who to deliver

Even Him who, to deliver
My soul from death, hath died;
O, Helmsman, true and tried!

Dropping down the rapid river,

To the dear and deathless land;
Dropping down the well-known river,
Life's swoll'n and rushing river,

To the resurrection-land;
Where the living, live forever,
And the dead have joined the band;
O, fair and blessed land!

H. Bonar.



## THOUGHTS OF HOME.

and the same

"VE been thinking of home! — of "my Father's House,
Where the many mansions be," —
Of the city whose streets are paved with gold,
Of its jasper walls so fair to behold,
Which the righteous alone shall see.

I've been thinking of home, where they need not the light
Of the sun, nor moon, nor star;
Where the gates of pearl "are not shut by day,
For no night is there," but the weary may
Find rest from the world afar.

I've been thinking of home, of the river of life
That flows through the city, so pure;
Of the tree that stands by the side of the
stream,
Whose leaves in mercy with blessings teem,

The sin-wounded soul to cure.

(192)

I've been thinking of home: of the loved ones there,

Dear friends, who have gone before, With whom we walked to the death-river side, And sadly thought, as we watched the tide, Of the happy days of yore.

I've been thinking of home, and my heart is full

Of love for the Lamb of God, Who His precious life as a ransom gave, For a sinful race e'en our souls to save From Justice, avenging rod.

I've been thinking of home: and I'm homesick now,

My spirit doth long to be In "the better land," where the ransomed sing Of the love of Christ, their Redeemer, King, Of mercy, so costly, and free.

I've been thinking of home! yea, "home sweet home;"

O, there may we all unite
With the white-robed throng ar

With the white-robed throng, and forever raise

To the Triune God, sweetest songs of praise With glory, and honor, and might.

Mary F. Kinby.

### OH! TO BE READY.



TO be ready when death shall come, Oh! to be ready to hasten home! No earthward clinging, no lingering gaze,

No strife at parting, no sore amaze; No chains to sever that earth hath twined, No spell to loosen that love would bind.

No flitting shadows to dim the light
Of the angel-pinions winged for flight;
No cloud-like phantoms to fling a gloom
'Twixt heaven's bright portals and earth's
dark tomb;

But sweetly, gently, to pass away From the world's dim twilight into day.

To list to the music of angel lyres, To catch the rapture of seraph fires, To lean in trust on the risen One, Till borne away to a fadeless throne. Oh! to be ready when death shall come! Oh! to be ready to hasten home!

Anonymous.

### THE MEETING-PLACE.

- Contino

Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,
Brighten never more to shade;
Where the sun-blaze never scorches;
Where the star-beams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill;
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the moon the joy prolong;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance
'Mid the burst of holy song—
Brother, we shall meet and rest,
'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where no shadow shall bewilder;
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the bond is never severed—
Partings, claspings, sobs, and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noon-tide—all are done;

(195)

Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds the child;
Where dear families are gathered,
That were scattered on the wild—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where the hidden wound is healed;
Where the blighted light re-blooms;
Where the smitten heart the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes;
Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,
In an ever spring-bright clime;
Where we find the joy of loving,
As we never loved before;
Loving on unchilled, unhindered,
Loving once and evermore—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where a blasted world shall brighten
Underneath a bluer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Shed its healing splendor here;
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
Putting on their robe of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden
Be where only wastes have been;

-majpene-

Where a King, in kingly glory
Such as earth has never known,
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
Claim and wear the heavenly crown—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

H. Bonar.



### OVER THE RIVER.

\_-

VER the river they beckon to me—

Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;

The gleam of their snowy robes I see, But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide,

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own
blue;

He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there;
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river, the boatman pale
Carried another—the household pet:
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be!
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
And lo! they have passed from our yearning
heart;

They cross the stream, and are gone for aye;

We may not sunder the veil apart,

We may not sunder the veil apart,

That hides from our vision the gates of
day.

We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen
shore,

They watch, and wait, and beckon for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold, Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,

I shall one day stand by the water cold, And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;

I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail;

I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand; I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,

To the better shore of the spirit land.

I shall know the loved who have gone before, —

And joyfully sweet will the meeting be, When over the river, the peaceful river, The Angel of Death shall carry me.

N. A. W. Priest.





### SATISFIED IN HEAVEN.

~ cows

OT here! not here! not where the sparkling waters
Fade into mocking sands as we draw near:

Where in the wilderness each footstep falters; I shall be satisfied — but O, not here!

Not here — where every dream of bliss deceives us,

Where the warm spirit never gains its goal; Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us,

Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,

Where Heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,

And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

(200)

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us, Lies the fair country where our hearts abide, And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us

Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

- Satisfied! Satisfied! the spirits yearning
  For sweet companionship with kindred
  minds;
- The silent love that here meets no returning— The inspiration which no language finds.
- Shall they be satisfied? The soul's vague longings
  - The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
- O, what desires upon my soul are thonging As I look upward to the heavenly hills!
- Thither my weak and weary steps are tending; Saviour and Lord! with Thy frail child abide!
- Guide me towards home, where all my wanderings ending,
  - I then shall see Thee, and "be satisfied."

    Anonymous.

### THE LAND TO WHICH I'M GOING.

man.

HEN the death-dews dim my eyes,

And my bosom panting lies,
Ebbing life's receding sighs,
Shorter, fainter growing;
Ere my spirit breaks her way,
Through her prison-walls of clay,
Into realms of endless day—
The land to which I'm going.

May the dear familiar band
Of weeping friends that round me stand,
Watching the decreasing sand,
Fast and faster flowing,
Chant some low strain, blending well
With the solemn passing bell,
Of the holy home to tell—
The land to which I'm going.

Let them sing, "Dear, suffering one, Soon thy journey will be done, Thy fight be fought, thy race be run: Thy soul, with rapture glowing,
(202) The everlasting hills shall see, Where pain no more can come to thee, And neither sin nor sorrow be -The land to which thou'rt going.

"He thy Saviour and thy guide, For thy guilty sake that died, Even now is by thy side, Comfort thoughts bestowing. Angelic forms their arms extend, And smileth many a long-lost friend Glad welcome to thy journey's end — The land to which thou'rt going."

Then, as the burden of their song In faint, sweet cadence dies along, One happy, radiant look among

That group of mourners throwing; Just as they faded from my view, I fain would breath one fond adieu, Till in that land we meet anew— The land to which I'm going.

Anonymous.





# PERPETUITY OF JOY IN HEAVEN.

ERE brief is the sighing,
And brief is the crying,
For brief is the life!
The life there is endless,
The joy there is endless,
And ended the strife.

What joys are in heaven?
To whom are they given?
Ah! what? and to whom?
The stars to the earth-born,
"Best robes" to the sin-worn,
The crown for the doom!

O, country the fairest!
Our country the dearest,
We press toward thee!
O, Syon the golden!
Our eyes are now holden,
Thy light till we see.
(204)

Thy crystalline ocean,
Unvexed by commotion,
Thy fountain of life;
Thy deep peace unspoken,
Pure, sinless, unbroken—
Thy peace beyond strife.

Thy meek saints all glorious,
Thy martyrs victorious,
Who suffer no more;
Thy halls full of singing,
Thy hymns ever ringing
Along thy safe shore.

Like the lily for whiteness,
Like the jewel for brightness,
Thy vestments, O Bride!
The Lamb ever with Thee,
The Bridegroom is with Thee—
With Thee to abide!

We know not, we know not, All human words show not The joys we may reach; The mansions preparing, The joys for our sharing, The welcome for each. O, Syon the golden!
My eyes still are holden,
Thy light till I see;
And deep in Thy glory,
Unveiled then before me,
My King, look on Thee!

-matterer

Anonymous.



# GLORY, GLORY DWELLETH IN IMMANUEL'S LAND.

WELL.

HE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of Heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes!
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory — glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The last words of Samuel Rutherford, Professor in the University of Edinburgh, and sometime minister of the Parish of Anworth.

Oh, well it is forever!
Oh, well for evermore!
My nest hung in no forest
Of all this death-doomed shore.
Yea, let the vain world vanish,
As from the ship the strand,
While glory — glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

There the Red Rose of Sharon Unfolds its heartsome bloom, And fills the air of Heaven With ravishing perfume:
Oh, to behold it blossom,
While by its fragrance fanned,
While glory — glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

The King there, in His beauty
Without a veil, is seen;
It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between.
The Lamb, with His fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory — glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Oh, Christ He is the Fountain, The deep, sweet well of love! The streams on earth I've tasted, More deep I'll drink above: -sostere

There, to an ocean fulness, His mercy doth expand, And glory — glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land.

E'en Anworth was not Heaven—
E'en preaching was not Christ;
And in my sea-beat prison
My Lord and I held tryst:
And aye my murkiest storm-cloud
Was by a rainbow spanned,
Caught from the glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land.

But flowers need night's cool darkness,
The moonlight and the dew;
So Christ, from one who loved it,
His shining oft withdrew:
And then for cause of absence,
My troubled soul I scanned—
But glory, shadeless, shineth
In Immanuel's land.

The little birds at Anworth
I used to count them blest—
Now, beside happier altars
I go to build my nest:
O'er these there broods no silence,
No graves around them stand,
For glory, deathless, dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Fair Anworth by the Solway,
To me thou still art dear!
E'en from the verge of Heaven.
I drop for thee a tear.
O, if one soul from Anworth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens
In Immanuel's land!

I've wrestled on toward Heaven,
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide,
Now, like a weary traveller,
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

I have borne scorn and hatred,
I have borne wrong and shame;
Earth's proud ones have reproached me,
For Christ's thrice blessed name:
Where God's seal set the fairest,
They've stamped their foulest brand;
But judgment shines like noonday
In Immanuel's land.

Anonymous.



### MY WELCOME BEYOND.

~cows-

When that blissful realm I gain— When the hands have ceased from toiling,

And the heart hath ceased from pain—When the last farewell is spoken,
Severéd the tender tie,
And I know how sweet, how solemn,
And how blest it is to die?

As my bark glides o'er the waters
Of that cold and silent stream,
I shall see the domes of temples
In the distance brightly gleam,—
Temples of that beauteous City
From all blight and sorrow free!
Who adown its golden portal
First will haste to welcome me?
(210)

Who will greet me first in glory?
Oft the earnest thought will rise,
Musing on the unknown wonders
Of that home beyond the skies.
Who will be my heavenly mentor?
Will it be some seraph bright,
Or an angel from the countless
Myriads of that world of light?

No—not these! for they have never
Gladdened here my mortal view;
But the dear ones gone before me—
They, the loved, the tried, the true,
They who walked with me life's pathway,
From my soul by death were riven,
They who loved me best in this world
Will be first to greet in Heaven.

Anonymous.



#### "THE E'EN BRINGS A' HAME."

COUNTY

PON the hills the wind is sharp and cold,

The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,

And we, O, Lord! have wandered from thy fold;

But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks;

But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat Their pitiful complaints, — O, rest is sweet When evening brings us home!

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts; Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts Search for Thy coming; — when the light departs

At evening bring us home.

(212)

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star

Rises to guide us. We have wandered far:— Without Thy lamp we know not what we are;

At evening, bring us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snow drifts thicken.

O, thou dear Shepherd! leave us not to sicken In the waste night; our tardy footsteps quicken;

At evening, bring us home.

Anonymous.



# EVENING HYMN.

ORD, the shades of night surround us;

Homeward come Thy wandering sheep;

Throw Thy sheltering arm around us;
Safe from every danger keep.
Poor and needy,
O, protect us while we sleep!

-anadparen

Praise we bring for every blessing O'er us like the dew-drops shed; May we, Thy rich grace possessing, Rest in peace the weary head. Holy Angels!

Fold your pinions round our bed.

When this day of life is ended, When its hopes and fears are o'er, By a Saviour's love befriended, Guide us to the heavenly shore. O, receive us, Where the light shall fade no more! Lydia Huntley Sigourney.



## HEAVEN! SWEET HEAVEN!



HEAVEN! Sweet Heaven! the home of the blest,

Where hearts once in trouble are ever at rest.

Where eyes that could see not rejoice in the light,

And beggars made princes are walking in white.

O, Heaven! sweet Heaven! the mansion of Love,

Where Christ in His beauty shines forth from above,

The Lamb with His sceptre, to charm and control,

And Love is the sea that encircles the whole.

O, Heaven! sweet Heaven! where purity reigns,

Where error disturbs not, and sin never stains,

Where holiness robes in its garments so fair The great multitude that is worshipping there.

O, Heaven! sweet Heaven! where music ne'er dies,

But rich pealing anthems of glory arise, Where saints with one feeling of rapture are stirred,

And loud hallelujahs forever are heard.

O, Heaven! sweet Heaven! where friends never part,

But cords of true friendship bind firmly the heart,

Where farewell shall nevermore fall on the ear, Nor eyes that have sorrowed be dimmed with a tear.

Edwin H. Nevin.

# THE HEART'S HOME.

#### -come

ARK! Hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling

O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling

Of that new life, when sin shall be no more!

Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,

And like benighted men we miss our mark: God hides Himself, and grace has scarcely found us,

Ere Death finds out his victims in the dark.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"

And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,

The music of the Gospel leads us home.

(216)

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to
Thee.

Rest comes at last; though life be long and dreary,

The day must dawn, and darksome night be past,

All journeys end in welcomes to the weary, And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

F. W. Faber.



# THY WILL BE DONE.

Y God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough
way,

O, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"

Though dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me be still, and murmur not, And breathe the prayer divinely taught, "Thy will be done!" What though in lonely grief I sigh For friends beloved no longer nigh, Submissive still would I reply, "Thy will be done!"

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, — it ne'er was mine, —
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
"Thy will be done!"

Should pining sickness waste away My life in premature decay, My Father, still I'll strive to say, "Thy will be done!"

If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine, and take away All that now makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"

Then when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with tears before, I'll sing upon a happier shore, "Thy will be done!"

C. Elliott.

## WAITING.

ONG in this wild, wild country,
Where rue and nightshade grow,
Where waters black and bitter
All fairest meads o'erflow;

Where from the heart all broken Floats forth a wailing cry, And days are dark and dreary, And years drift sadly by;

Where skies are gray and stormy, And mountains, bleak and cold, Look down on wintry ocean, On barren heath and wold,—

Long in this sinful country
I've wandered poor and lone,
To every illness subject,
To every weakness prone.

Now, standing on the headlands, I greet the coming dawn; Mine eyes drink in the glory Of the approaching morn. -mythree-

I see my dear-loved Saviour Clad in the purest white; And sky and earth and headland Are bathed in golden light.

The songs of raptured angels, And her sweet voice I hear; The murmur of the Eternal Sea Floats downward to my ear.

This earth is fading from me; No more the wild winds sigh; No more the days, all dreary, Go drifting sadly by.

But, watching my Lord's coming, With loving, trusting faith, I fold my hands—so weary— And calmly wait for death.

O, blessed, blessed country!
No pains, nor bitter tears;
No fainting 'neath the burden,
No doubts, no cruel fears.

O, bright, unchanging glory!
O, radiant array!
O, sweet and dream-like music!
O, cloudless, endless day!

Anonymous.



# THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

ERUSALEM the glorious! The glory of the Elect! O, dear and future vision That eager hearts expect! Even now by faith I see thee, Even here thy walls discern; To Thee my thoughts are kindled, And strive, and pant, and yearn.

Jerusalem the only, That look'st from heaven below, In thee is all my glory, In me is all my woe; And though my body may not, My spirit seeks thee fain, Till flesh and earth return me To earth and flesh again.

(221)

O, none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise!
O, none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device!
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart;
And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art!

There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn.
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace below;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Syon know.

That peace — but who may claim it?
The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they say —
The peace that is for heaven,
And shall be for the earth;
The palace that reëchoes
With festal song and mirth.

O, happy, holy portion,
Reflection for the blest,
True vision of sweet beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!

Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send Hope before to grasp it,
Till Hope be lost in sight;
Till Jesus gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill—
The insatiate, yet satisfied,
The full, yet craving still.

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

And through the sacred lilies
And flowers on every side,
The happy dear-bought people
Go wandering far and wide;
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
Their mouths are tuned to praise,
What time, now safe for ever,
On former sins they gaze:
The fouler was the error,
The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
Of Him who pardoned all.

And Jesus to His true ones
Brings trophies fair to see;
And Jesus shall be loved, and
Beheld in Galilee—

Beheld, when morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;
And every ear shall hear it—
"Behold thy King's array,
Behold thy God in beauty;
The Law hath passed away!"

Yes! God, my King and Portion,
In fulness of Thy grace,
We then shall see forever,
And worship face to face.
Then all the halls of Syon
For aye shall be complete,
And in the Land of Beauty
All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear, dear country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O, one, O, only Mansion!
O, Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy,—

- moderne-

Beside thy living waters

All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall;
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise;
"Jesus, the Gem of Beauty,
True God and Man," they sing,
"The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring;
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of his Court;
The Day-star of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port!"

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!

Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower!

Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile;
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl thine own;
The Lamb is ever near thee,
The Bridegroom thine alone.
The Crown is He to guerdon,
The Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion,
And He the Architect.

The only art thou needest—
Thanksgiving for thy lot;
The only joy thou seekest—
The Life where Death is not.
And all thine endless leisure,
In sweetest accents, sings
The ill that was thy merit,
The wealth that is thy King's!

# JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

~ cons

ferusalem the Golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O, I know not,
What social joys are there!
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare!

They stand, those halls of Syon,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the Blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the Throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white!
(227)

O, mine, my golden Syon!
O, lovelier far than gold,
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold!
O, sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O, sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O, tell me—tell me, Yes!

Exult, O, dust and ashes!

The LORD shall be thy part;
His only, His forever,

Thou shalt be, and thou art!

Bernard of Cluny: trans. by Dr. Neale.



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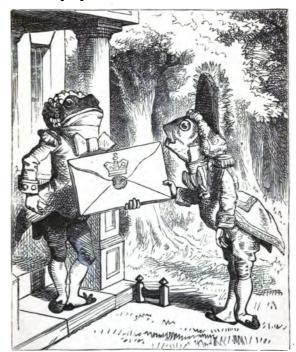
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